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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1912.

The Week

The detailed allegations of extensive frauds in the Roosevelt primary vote in New York, made by Ogden Mills before the Senate investigating committee, can hardly make pleasant reading for the Armageddonites; but it is not so much the charges themselves as their relation to the genesis of the Roosevelt movement at Chicago that gives them interest. However deep may be the foundations of Roosevelt's candidacy, and however wide its appeal, the thing that made it a practical reality was the cry of "Thou shalt not steal," with which the Colonel rallied his followers at Chicago after the nomination of Taft. Since that time, the reverberation of this cry has been growing extremely faint; as is natural enough in view of the facts about contesting delegations manufactured for "psychological effect," about Harriman and Archbold and Morgan contributions, about sharp practices aimed at the capture of Republican electoral tickets, that have been coming before the public. To have on top of this a story of fraudulent votes in the New York primaries, and of other corrupt practices specified in detail, is painful indeed. How strange, too, that with the sentiment of the party so overwhelmingly for the Colonel, it should have been found necessary to employ the kind of professional talent to which his interests seem to have been entrusted in the New York primaries. In Pennsylvania, to be sure, the vote was brought out by the exertions of Flinn and his \$144,000, more or less; but that's different.

One of the achievements with which Col. Roosevelt has been credited in the popular mind is the passing of the Pure Food law. That he discovered Dr. Wiley, ordained him to the ministry of making what we eat and drink fit to be eaten and drunk, endowed his crusade against poisons and lying labels with the munitions of war—in short, gave Wiley his chance—is not all this written down in the chronicles of the Roosevelt Administrations? What does the doctor mean, then, by joining Roosevelt with Taft as hostile to pure-food

legislation and enforcement? But yesterday Pinchot and Jimmie Gr-field, yes, and Root and Taft and even Heney and Lindsey were all doing their marvellous exploits because they were sheltered under the ægis of the Mighty One. The forests were being preserved, Cuba was being enlightened, the Trusts were being busted, the farmer was being uplifted, our meat was being inspected, all because He had said the word. Now comes Dr. Wiley to explain that he could have got along better in his task if Omniscience and Omnipotence had deigned to look upon it with favor instead of superciliousness.

Gov. Hadley's outright declaration for Taft must be accounted a severe blow to the Roosevelt cause. Hadley was the very soul of the Roosevelt fight at Chicago, and it will go hard with the Colonel to get his followers to accept the view that he is now an accomplice of thieves, an accessory after the fact in the most tremendous act of grand larceny known to history. We do not believe, indeed, that he will undertake to make this charge explicitly against his former champion; but he has made it against others, in the most comprehensive terms, and if it does not apply to Hadley it breaks down in regard to any other public man of good repute. Moreover, the alignment of the Missouri Governor at this time coincides with what looks like a general weakening of the Colonel's cause all along the line. As for Mr. Taft's declaration concerning Presidential primaries, which Gov. Hadley had stated that he was waiting for, there was in it a somewhat unwonted display of shrewdness on the President's part; for he simply quoted and reaffirmed his own declaration of March 18:

Wherever full and fair notice of the election can be given, wherever adequate election safeguards can be thrown around to protect a preferential primary for the Presidency, wherever the Constitution of the State permits its being made applicable to the present election, I favor it and welcome it.

One of the more notable features of this Presidential campaign is the part taken in it by college men as college men. The real distinction of Mr. McCombs's success at Baltimore is not that he should have attained the nomination

of the man he set out to have named. Senator Hanna, W. C. Whitney, and others had done that years before Mr. McCombs put his finger into politics, and for Hanna, at least, the job was as new as it was for McCombs. But the Princeton man won his success, so far as it was won by organization, not only by bringing into activity a class of citizens that had not been depended upon before for political work of that sort, but by working through them almost exclusively. The triumph of Wilson was accordingly the triumph of the amateur, and not the less impressive or fortunate upon that account. This aspect of the campaign is thrown into higher relief by the rapid spread of the Woodrow Wilson College Men's League, which both financially and otherwise has stood on its own feet from the start. Despite its name, it looks upon itself as non-partisan, and aims to be a permanent factor in national political campaigns, since it proposes to throw its influence on the side of the most worthy, regardless of his party badge. It has already enrolled thousands of men who had never belonged to a political organization, and by so doing has rendered a valuable service, not only to its candidate and his party, but to the whole country.

Whether the Syracuse Convention was or was not unbossed; whether, as some believe, the whole appearance of an uncontrolled Convention was merely a Tammany pretence, the fact remains that the nomination of Congressman Sulzer for the Governorship of New York State must be a bitter disappointment to Democrats everywhere. The Convention has chosen a man who in no wise measures up to the needs of the hour, or to the needs of the office. So far from clearing the present confused situation or uplifting a standard to which patriotic citizens might repair without any harassing doubts and with complete certainty that this was the way to better and freer government, the Convention has repelled thousands of independent Democrats and Republicans alike who wished to vote against Roosevelt. Sulzer is the Murphy candidate; he could not have been chosen save by Murphy's full approval. However inde-

pendent he may have been at times, he is and has been essentially a part of Tammany Hall, against whose infamies he has never taken up arms. Nor is there the slightest reason to believe that, if elected, he will really free himself from the influences which have made him what he is and kept him in public life.

With the aid of the "Washington" Party and Boss Flinn, that generous political contributor and seller of gold bricks, Pennsylvania apparently has moments of seeing the light. From Harrisburg it is announced that the Allied Civic Bodies Committee, representing the third-class cities and larger boroughs of the State, is preparing to frame a bill to provide a commission form of government for municipalities of that class. The bill, to be submitted to the next General Assembly, will call for commissions of five members, each commissioner to be the head of a department; councilmen elected at large for two-year terms, and a non-partisan ballot. After protracted debate, the Committee decided not to include a provision for the recall, but the new bill will embody the initiative and referendum. It is not difficult to imagine how the gorge of the Progressive Flinn must rise at the prospect of such an invasion of his field.

With commendable restraint the people of Arizona have gone nearly a year without trying out that shining new recall pocket-knife which they cried so heartily to get. But human endurance has its limits. Recall petitions are being circulated in Arizona. They are aimed at no corrupt judges, at no venal creatures of the reactionary régime, but at the Governor of the State, who was himself an ardent champion of the recall. Moreover, the issue on which the Governor has been tried and found wanting is the question of prison administration. Gov. Hunt is in favor of a liberal parole and pardoning policy which is everywhere a feature of the humanitarian, progressive programme. His opponents, reactionaries presumably, are now using the recall for their own purposes. Simultaneously, recall petitions are being circulated against two State Senators who are opposed to woman suffrage. Thus it is fully demonstrated that the recall is a game which two can play at, and that the people of

Arizona will go on playing it with great spirit for some time, until the novelty of the game has worn off.

Comments upon the death of ex-Senator Pepper illustrate American good nature better than they do American clear thinking. The late Kansas Populist was covered by the press with ridicule during his term in the Senate. He was then held up as the very type of the wild-eyed crank. His ideas were preposterous and his personality absurd. But now that he is gone we are told that he was, after all, a reformer before the reformers; that his doctrines were simply in advance of his time. He is now described as "an original Progressive." He lived to see his crying in the wilderness caught up by great political parties. The scorned planks of the Populist platform of 1892 have become the pride of the Progressives of 1912. There is a deal of talk like this. Similar language is often used of Mr. Bryan. It is said that others are in office, but that he is in power. The banners under which he went to successive defeat are now borne aloft by others. He, too, fought for years, hated and unrewarded, for causes which were merely ahead of the age. The age has now caught up with him, and his causes are triumphant. In the speech which Gov. Wilson made at Lincoln the other day, he referred to Mr. Bryan as the one who had shown the way and who had "freed" his party. We are asked to believe that, in the case of Bryan as of Pepper, it is the old story over again: the stone which the builders rejected has become the head of the corner.

We freely admit that some of the proposals which the Populists favored, and which Bryan borrowed from them, have lived to win favor from the leading parties and from the country. But even after generosity has been strained in making such concessions, what is the net result that stands plain before any one who looks at the whole movement historically, and with unclouded eyes? Why, indubitably, that a little good was mixed with a great deal of evil. The Populists and Mr. Bryan could not go wrong at every point. Look at the Populist platform of 1892, and recall Mr. Bryan's speeches of 1896 and later years. Both were drag-nets to catch every possible cause of popular complaint, and

to propose every conceivable remedy. It would go hard if some genuine reasons for dissatisfaction were not hit upon, and if a few promising reforms were not proposed. A machine-gun spouting bullets could not fail to hit the target now and then, though thousands of shot went wild.

No comfort can be got from the statistical study of homicide in the United States, by F. L. Hoffman, in the insurance journal, the *Spectator*. His survey covers the figures in the leading American cities for the past thirty years, and shows conclusively an increase of homicide in the last ten years. The rate in the aggregate of these cities—with a total population in 1911 of nearly 16,000,000—was 5 per 100,000 in the decade 1882-1891, and 4.9 in 1892-1901; but in the decade 1902-1911 it rose to 7.2, an increase of more than 40 per cent. This is a startling result; and, while one cannot help suspecting that investigation might to some extent explain it away—as being due, more or less, to changes in statistical arrangements—the increase is so large, and the number of years covered so considerable, that it is hardly possible to doubt the general truth of the conclusion. Moreover, the article takes occasion to bring forward another aspect of the question, which is only too familiar, and on which there is no room at all for doubt. This is the shameful preëminence of our country, as compared with other civilized nations, in the matter of homicide. The homicide rate for the "registration area" of the United States is nearly five times as great as that for England and Wales; and if there is any incompleteness in the statistics, this would only further emphasize the discrepancy, as the English figures are unquestionably almost absolutely complete. Here is a phenomenon most discreditable to our country. For it the people cannot shift the responsibility to the Trusts or to malefactors of great wealth.

The statement issued by the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, in regard to the terrible disaster near Westport, Conn., on Thursday night of last week, contains this information:

First 53, a few minutes ahead of second 53, went through this crossover, which is a No. 10, all right. Second 53 took the crossover at high speed in spite of the fact that home signal was at danger, or in stop position.

The high speed was not only in spite of the signal, but also in spite of the company's standing rule that the speed at such a crossover shall not exceed fifteen miles an hour. On July 11, 1911, at Bridgeport, Conn., on the same railway, a fearful and fatal wreck was brought about by precisely the same cause. Now, the question of vital interest to the public is not that of the degree of blame to be attached to the engineer. Individuals will take risks under stress, unless held in check by a constant and firmly enforced rule, obedience to which becomes an absolute habit. This cannot be brought about by the mere posting of rules. Unless the rule is vigorously enforced by a stern penalty for every violation, it will be habitually violated when the temptation arises, and out of every so and so many violations there will be one that brings about agonizing loss of life. The crucial question as to this latest wreck is: Have there been violations of the crossover-speed rule on the New Haven since July 11, 1911, and, if so, have these violations been punished? If, after its warning of last year, the company has not taken the only course that can be effective in preventing just such accidents, the responsibility for the lives destroyed last Thursday night rests squarely upon its shoulders.

Upon whose head rests the blood of our marines slain in Nicaragua? Who can defend the orders that sent them to their death? Washington declares that we are at peace with that republic; that our soldiers are in Nicaragua only because we have been asked to protect Americans. So, going far beyond a legation guard or a capital police, we have manned and operated railways, and then deliberately taken sides with the existing Government and attacked and defeated the rebels, killing and wounding 300 or 400. If we are at peace with Nicaragua, it is an extraordinary thing. If we can attack the rebels there, for what reason should we hesitate to attack the rebels in Santo Domingo or Hayti or Venezuela or Brazil or anywhere else that a revolution is or may be? And if we are going to take sides with the existing Governments, why not issue an ultimatum once for all and say that there shall be no rebellions anywhere to the south of us? It is a most dangerous precedent, full of the possibilities of mischief.

It has been our observation that most of the American capitalists engaged in business in Mexico are patiently awaiting the outcome in that country without bombarding the United States Government with demands for intervention. Especially is this true of certain mine-owners, who are cheerfully bearing the loss due to the shutting down of their mines. There is a different class of our countrymen, however. From one of them we have seen a letter which declares that "if the United States would intervene, lands in Mexico would double and treble mighty fast. As soon as the United States takes a hand, there will be the greatest influx of people to Mexico you ever saw." "This land-speculation matter," writes an American in business in Mexico City, "is one of the leading causes that produce this agitation for intervention." To the best of our knowledge, if the question of intervention were left to the American colony in the City of Mexico, there would be an overwhelming vote against it. The crossing of the boundary by American troops would be the signal for a general uprising against the Americans, and there would be more American property destroyed in the first week than could be replaced in months and years of hard labor.

The English newspapers, in reviewing Lord Kitchener's first nine months as British Agent in Cairo, have much that is favorable to report. Ever since his arrival the gates of the Agency have been open to any person in need of counsel or aid, with the result, so one enthusiastic correspondent writes, that "Lord Kitchener's smiles have done more to conquer Egypt than all the guns and troops together." To those who recall Kitchener as the grim Sphinx of the Boer War, this sounds like a fairy-tale. Yet we hope that it is true and that this correspondent is right in saying that the English Agency "has been the Mecca of an Egyptian social, political, commercial, industrial, and agricultural renaissance." Whether it is also true that by his tactics Lord Kitchener has put an end to the Nationalist movement, we are inclined to doubt. We fear that with England in Egypt, as with ourselves in the Philippines, there never can be native happiness under foreign rule. It is, however, pleasant to record that drainage works are now un-

der way which will bring two million acres more of land under cultivation and add to the country's annual revenue no less than \$15,000,000. Among other desirable reforms the new Agent has introduced peasant savings banks, with some minor court improvements, and has rescued the fellah from some of the exactions of the usurers who abound in the country.

The Russian Government, according to the news given out in Washington, has proposed to the other six Powers concerned in the recent Chinese loan negotiations that certain deferred claims against China, based on the Boxer affair of 1900 and amounting by estimate to \$50,000,000, be now pressed for immediate payment. The dispatches, which must have been based on information from our State Department, strongly intimate that the purpose of this manœuvre is to give "a sharp and forceful rebuke to the Chinese Government for contracting loans with independent bankers in disregard of the warning of the Powers, and after rejecting the proposed international loan." It is further declared that "no official intimation is given" as to the attitude of the United States towards this reported Russian invitation. Such a proposal, if it has actually been made, would in one sense not concern our Government, which voluntarily waived its own claims on the Boxer indemnity years ago. But in a larger interpretation of our Government's duties in the premises, our State Department has a definite concern, and ought to reply emphatically to Russia and the other Powers. The status of the Boxer indemnity has nothing whatever to do with the question what bankers China shall select to finance her loans to-day. The one is purely a governmental matter; the other, whatever may be said of "dollar diplomacy," is a matter of the money market. To use the one situation as a club to punish China for her action regarding the other would be a piece of international bullying for which not a shred of decent apology exists. The United States Government has already gone dangerously near to compromising its own position in these matters; but the very fact that it has done so calls for plain language by our State Department, if any such iniquitous proposition as this is laid before it.

RESPONSIBILITY TO THE PEOPLE.

It has been noted that the language held by the Hon. William Sulzer is amazingly like that of the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt. Both are tremendously strong on giving "the people" exactly what they want when they want it, and on compelling all office-holders to be rigidly accountable at all times to the voters. Indeed, in this doctrine, Mr. Sulzer long anticipated Mr. Roosevelt. He has proclaimed it in season and out of season, with thought and without it—mostly the latter—these many years. The sonorous old phrases naturally, therefore, come more trippingly from his tongue than they do from Mr. Roosevelt's. All power direct from the people, all responsibility immediately and continuously to the people—that has been the "bountiful answer" that fits all political questions, which Mr. Sulzer set forth in a hundred speeches long before the Colonel took it up. In this respect, Roosevelt and Sulzer to-day illustrate the fellowship of kindred minds.

Responsibility to the people has often, as we all know, been made to cover a multitude of political sins. It is a glib and mouth-filling phrase, the real meaning of which, in any given case, depends upon the spirit and purpose of the public man who uses it. We know what Gov. Hughes meant by it. He announced that he held his commission from the people of New York, and that he intended to be their responsible Executive, but the result was to fill the State with cries of rage by offended politicians. Hughes, they said, was a compound of the revolutionist and the renegade. Much the same was said of Woodrow Wilson when he followed the same line as Governor of New Jersey. On the other hand, bosses and political corruptionists have always loudly professed the desire to know what was the popular will in order that they might carry it out. They, too, have said that all their influence came from the people, and that it was their constant effort to satisfy them, knowing that the people held the power of life and death over them. In this, so far as lip-professions go, Boss Barnes would be at one with Charles E. Hughes, "Jim" Smith with Gov. Wilson. It is obvious that a phrase like "responsibility to the people," which is thus capable of covering, as by a single blanket, Richard Croker and Theodore Roosevelt, requires analysis and explanation. The thing

cannot be so simple as it looks. There must be some catch in it, some misunderstanding.

The whole question was examined by Mr. Arthur Sedgwick in his Godkin Lectures at Harvard, which have now been issued by the Scribners under the title "The Democratic Mistake." Mr. Sedgwick does not in the least reject the idea of the necessity of political responsibility to the people, under our form of government. Rather he exalts it. But he shows by an inquiry into the history of the conception, and its actual working out in practice, what abuses have crept in under guise of it, and what changes are needful if the fundamental idea is to be made of real value. In the beginning, the thought was to find some authority other than the Crown or the Ministry to whom public officials should be "answerable," by whom they might be censured if unfaithful, and deprived of their positions. It was natural, and it was wise, in our young democracy, to substitute "the people" for the old reviewing and controlling power of King or Cabinet. But from this it did not at all follow that the only way to enforce responsibility to the people was by frequent elections, by a large multiplication of elective offices, and by the creation of complicated political machinery. "When annual elections cease, tyranny begins." There may be some force in that venerable saying, but it all depends upon the political conditions prevailing. If there is in existence a greedy boss or an all-powerful machine, dictating all nominations and demanding all patronage, the election of a lot of officials every year would merely mean glorious new opportunities to build up the only tyrannous power within the state which we have any reason to dread, and really would make it harder than ever for the people to make their will known and effective.

This is the theme which Mr. Sedgwick suggestively develops. He is certainly in line with the best opinion, and also with the best practice, of our time, when he insists that actual responsibility to the people has been too much obscured and dissipated, and that the way to restore it is by electing fewer men to office, while appointing more, fixing accountability in officials to whom we give more power and a longer tenure, and everywhere simplifying political

machinery as much as possible. Commission government, the concentration of authority in executives, the short ballot, biennial or triennial Legislatures, continuity in office of useful public servants during good behavior—all these things, so much cried out against by politicians of the baser sort, are truly devices to make responsibility to the people more real. Contrast all this with Mr. Sulzer's notion of making spoils of all the offices as speedily as possible. He would have "rotation in office," as a means of making the people a force in the government, but what he would actually bring about in that way would be a demoralization and degradation of the public service, while leaving the people in such a whirl of being "rotated" that they would not know whom to commend or whom to punish.

"REAL" POPULAR GOVERNMENT.

The decision of the California Supreme Court in the Taft-Roosevelt electoral contest is an illuminating comment upon the glib charge that our courts have usurped legislative functions, and, besides, are so fossilized that they cannot properly interpret acts which are in accord with modern ideas of justice. To the mind of every judge of the California court, the primary law which he was interpreting was anything but a guarantee of political justice. Its practical effect is the disfranchisement of scores of thousands of voters. Yet the court meekly bowed its head to the sovereign will of the people, constitutionally expressed, and set the seal of legality upon the morally indefensible course of the Johnson Republican organization. The recall of decisions could have done no more. Such incidents as this make one wonder whether, after all, the indictment of our representative institutions is so complete as to call for their condemnation. To ask a still bolder question, is direct legislation synonymous with popular government?

An answer, one would think, must be found in the pages of the September *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*, which is concerned with the initiative, the referendum, and the recall. As one proceeds through the volume, it becomes evident that the work of getting the people to rule themselves has not been without its difficulties. Certain kinds of measures, indeed, are regarded as unsuited for popular

consideration at all, not because of any preconceived theory of the limits of a pure democracy, but because experience, even a short experience, has shown the folly of submitting them to popular vote. Among these are any measures that fail to interest the people, also complicated questions, and competing or alternative proposals. This last class has caused advocates of direct legislation much trouble. The unruly voter, apparently determined to justify at all hazards the confidence reposed in him, is not unlikely to vote for both of the alternatives instead of one of them. This is such an embarrassment of riches for even the greatest admirers of genuinely popular government that various States have been compelled to provide against it by some such device as that proposed for Wisconsin, by which, in the solemn language of the pending amendment to the State Constitution, "if measures which conflict with each other in any of their essential provisions are submitted at the same election, only the measure receiving the highest number of votes shall stand as the enactment of the people." This is almost as arbitrary an interpretation of the popular will as we are accustomed to have from the courts.

More striking than this deliberate withdrawal of whole categories of measures from the domain of direct legislation is the attitude of its supporters towards the majority of the voters. In the very act of pleading the right of "the people" to originate, consider, accept, and reject legislative proposals, they confess a profound skepticism regarding the activity of the bulk of the electorate in reference to such proposals. In the first place, the percentage of signatures necessary to invoke the authority of the initiative and referendum is usually small. The favorite figure for the initiative in ordinary legislation is 8 per cent., for the referendum 5 per cent., although Ohio has settled on 3 per cent. This arrangement is modified here and there by a provision similar to that proposed for Wisconsin, according to which not more than half of the signatures shall be from a single county.

But the significant thing in this respect is the position of advocates of direct legislation with reference to the number of votes that shall be necessary to carry a measure. Almost, if not quite, invariably, this number is not a major-

ity of those voting at the election in which such measures are presented, but only a majority of those voting on the measures. That this often means government by a minority is demonstrated by the records of such elections, which have doubtless influenced the adoption of this very provision. It is not so common to find an advocate of direct legislation standing up for this condition. The usual attitude is one of apology for the people, and of hope that in time they will do better. Prof. W. F. Dodd, however, of the University of Illinois, says squarely: "It is not necessary that such a popular judgment be represented by a majority of all persons voting at a general election, or by a majority of all the electors of the State. Indeed, such requirements are practically prohibitive, because of the fact already referred to that a larger vote can ordinarily be gotten for candidates than for measures." Voting under representative forms, then, is still the "popular" method of government.

Such a philosophy as this simply means that the portion of the people interested in a subject should have the right of legislating upon it. If the mass of voters is indifferent, let it be virtually disfranchised. G. K. Chesterton argues vigorously for the opposite theory, that every vote not cast should be counted in the negative. We are not concerned to answer in that matter here. We wish to note now the complete admission, explicit as well as implicit, that, while parts of the American people have allowed themselves to be led to the initiative and referendum water, broadly speaking, they have not drunk of it. This may prove that it is a very foolish people, but it also proves something else, viz., that, in our experience with both representative and direct government, the results have not been of such a character as to permit the stigmatizing of the one as oligarchical, and the honoring of the other as "popular." Each is an imperfect device, dependent for its working upon imperfect human beings. The Republican platform adopted at Chicago contains a sentence that puts the point pithily: "Indifferent citizenship is an evil from which the law affords no adequate protection, and for which legislation can provide no remedy."

A TIME OF VIOLENT LANGUAGE.

Of the heathen it was said anciently that they thought they should be heard for their much speaking. But the modern man appears to think that he shall be heard for his much shrieking. Violent language seems to be on the increase the world over. Dr. Crothers has an amusing and instructive article in the October *Atlantic* on the universal tendency at present towards vehement speech and ferocious attitudes on the part especially of public men. He was in England when the bitter controversy over the Republican nomination for the Presidency was going on in this country. Certain bits of personal vituperation were cabled to the London newspapers, whereupon one of them remarked that "all this is characteristically American, but it shocks the unaccustomed ears of Europe." This moved Dr. Crothers, as a puzzled American abroad, to jot down a few of the things which the ears of Europe were getting from men in European public life. In the House of Commons itself the members were called "miscreants," and the Prime Minister was covered with personal vilification. At Budapest the commonest parliamentary expressions were "swine," "thief," "liar," "assassin." What the Unionists said of Lloyd George, and what he said of them, measured up to the highest American standard. If the ears of Europe have not been accustomed to such verbal assaults, they are rapidly getting to be.

Dr. Crothers has his own theory of the causes of this sudden rush of the democracies of our day into linguistic riot. Vast and impatient bodies of men discover, either that—as they believe—their rights are being taken from them, or that something which they intensely desire is denied them, and by a common impulse they take to shouting and throwing stones and making violent threats. But whatever the explanation, there can be no doubt of the fact. Political argument has come very often to have a shrill and abusive note. Speeches are expected to rise in a violent *crescendo*. Interviews and statements are couched in the most savage words. Writing is thought to be feeble unless it splits its cheeks and tears the language to tatters. A typical instance is the first of Tom Lawson's new articles, which is one long blowing off of epithets and unintelligible invective.

Only by such frantic hurling about of adjectives is it thought that a controversialist can establish a reputation for being truly forcible, or induce people to listen to him.

This is quite explicable, and not all of it is to be condemned. As a sign that men feel strongly about public questions, it is to be welcomed. Indignation and hot convictions are not bad things in politics. Only, it is important that they be well founded, that the fury be directed against real political sins and the right political sinners, and that roused citizens do not content themselves with "slaying Krüger with their mouths." And it is equally desirable that people in a democracy should not forget that there are other ways than vehement oratory and loud outcries to produce a deep impression. Of this we have had a noteworthy instance in the present campaign. It has been remarkable for din and vociferation. But one day a man of detached position and long-established reputation addressed himself to the public. He analyzed the political struggle now going on and gave his opinion of the protagonists in it. He did this in a spirit that was entirely calm and in language that was strong without rage. Not one heated expression escaped him. From his pen there dropped not a single oburgatory word. Yet the opinion was general that this contribution of ex-President Eliot's to our great political debate was more effective than that of any other man.

We are not objecting to vehemence as such. It is sometimes necessary, and it may frequently be useful. But there is danger of its becoming monotonous. Not every man who seeks to get a hearing from the public should think it needful to adopt the 'Ercles vein. The constant strain of noise gets to be tiresome. There are other ways of obtaining attention. By very force of contrast to the strident methods in which we have been over-indulging, a quieter tone would have an excellent chance of attracting notice. Our political speakers and writers would do well to try the effect of a little variety. They might profit by reading Emerson's essay on "The Superlative." Restraint is often more forcible than raging; under-statement than exaggeration. We believe that the excess of violence from which we have been suffering this year is but a passing phase of our political temperament. It seems popular now, but is bound to

wear out; for, like opium, its use compels a constant increasing of the dose, thus defeating its own end.

PSYCHOLOGY OF ELECTION ODDS.

Although betting on election results has seen its best days, there is still enough of it left to make statements of prevailing odds of interest to those on the lookout for "straws"; and these straws are much more to be relied on for a knowledge of the way the wind blows than are the straw votes, little or big, with which individuals and newspapers amuse themselves. Whenever the prevailing odds are decidedly and steadily in favor of a given candidate, the opinion they reflect is almost always verified by the result of the election. In the present campaign, the odds have been steadily quoted at about 2 to 1 on Wilson against the field; and, in the light of past experience, it will be extremely surprising if the man picked out in the betting as so emphatically the favorite should prove to be a loser.

But while the mere selection of the winner—in a case where the battle is not a close one—is executed with a high degree of trustworthiness by the higgling of the bettors, the like can by no means be said as to the arithmetical measure of his chances. Indeed, from the very fact that whenever the standard odds in favor of a candidate are at all heavy the choice is vindicated in the outcome, it may be inferred that these odds are, generally speaking, not heavy enough. If it hardly ever happens that a candidate on whom the odds are 2 to 1 is defeated, it follows that in most cases these odds, to reflect the actual situation, ought to have been much heavier. If, for example, it could be established that out of every ten instances in which these odds prevailed the favored candidate was successful in all but one instance, this would be a sufficient inductive proof that when the betting odds are 2 to 1, the candidate's actual chance of winning is such that the just odds should be 9 to 1. Whatever the reason, the fact seems evident: bettors who feel almost certain that a given candidate will win are either unwilling to offer, or do not find it necessary to offer, odds anything like as high as those which that conviction would justify.

A not uninteresting confirmation of this general view is furnished by the

juxtaposition of the rates said to obtain during the present campaign as affecting the three Presidential candidates, Wilson, Taft, and Roosevelt. It is stated that the odds on Wilson have been, all along, 2 to 1; that on Taft the betting stood first at 1 to 4 and afterwards became 1 to 3; and that on Roosevelt the odds were 1 to 3 and later 1 to 4. We have, then, for the three possibilities (ignoring, as the bettors doubtless do, the off chance of Col. Harvey's imagined deadlock) odds of 2 to 1, 1 to 3, and 1 to 4. Now, assuming that Wilson's chances are correctly measured by odds of 2 to 1, the odds against Roosevelt and the odds against Taft are necessarily too low. This is a simple arithmetical fact. For the odds of 2 to 1 mean that the probability of Wilson being defeated is one-third; and hence that, if Taft's and Roosevelt's chances were equal, each of them would have a chance of one-sixth of being elected. That is, the odds on either Taft or Roosevelt, if alike, ought to be 1 to 5; and if either fared better than this, the other should fare worse. Instead of this, the odds are 1 to 3 and 1 to 4; showing that even the degree of confidence reflected in the Wilson odds fails to get registered where a higher numerical preponderance is required to embody it. The Wilson figures doubtless lag behind the reality of the situation; and the Taft and Roosevelt figures lag behind even those.

To explain the general phenomenon of which we are speaking might form an interesting study in psychology. But it must be remembered that election odds do not register the attitude of the participants towards a known or agreed state of facts, such as belongs to an ordinary game of chance; nor can they properly be regarded as a mean between different estimates of the mathematical probabilities. They are the result of a bargaining process, like the play of demand and supply in the market. There are many men of many minds; some regard the favored result as almost certain, others as somewhat doubtful, while still others feel that there is a reasonable chance of the opposite result. If, for the sake of simplicity, we exaggerate this condition of things, and imagine bettors divided simply into two classes, those who feel sure that A will win and those who feel that there is a very fair chance of his losing, then, if:

the former class are decidedly more numerous than the latter, the odds will be heavily in favor of A; but the figure at which they will stand will depend simply on the relative strength of these two bodies, and there is not the slightest reason why it should correspond to the actual probabilities of the case, as they would be viewed, say, by an extremely well-informed and impartial observer. Thus the fact that the odds in A's favor are 2 to 1 expresses, not anybody's deliberate estimate of the mathematical chances of the election, but the undeniable fact that among those engaged in betting there is a heavy preponderance of opinion that A will be elected. And, viewed in this light, the actual experience of campaigns seems just what it should be; for it is not surprising that when the dominant opinion among so large a number of shrewd observers points emphatically and steadily to one result, that opinion is almost sure to be correct.

REWARDS OF LITERATURE.

There is one very considerable portion of the British people for whom the question of minimum-wage legislation must possess peculiar interest. The condition of the large body of men and women who are engaged in the production of novels that do not sell very well, if the subject were only brought up in Parliament, would stir public sympathy quite as powerfully as the case of the coal miners or the railway workers has done. What Parliament would be facing is not a problem but a mystery. The question how a mine worker can live and bring up a family on his meagre wages is a problem. The question how a minor novelist lives is a mystery. One minor novelist has just recounted his experiences in the *National Review*. It is a brief, matter-of-fact record of thirteen years' hard labor at the writing game, involving an output of fourteen published novels, three unpublished novels, and a volume of sketches, and showing a gross profit of £646, or a little less than two hundred and fifty dollars a year. This author now announces his intention of giving up literature and setting up as driver of a taxi-cab; a position, it may be remarked, for which he should be eminently qualified. Any man who has been able to steer his way through life for thirteen years on five dollars a week should find no difficulty

in threading a taxicab through the most congested traffic in Piccadilly. It is true that in some quarters this confession by the writer in the *National Review* has been characterized as unduly pessimistic. Another minor novelist has written a reply in which he shows that in the last nine years he has written eight novels and made an average profit of a thousand dollars a book, thus lifting himself by strenuous effort to the economic level of a motorman or an assistant bookkeeper.

Patriotic Americans will note with pride a striking difference between this country and England in the matter of literary "confessions." In England the magazines print the confessions of novelists who do not sell. In this country the magazines print the confessions of best-sellers. The difference cannot be explained simply on the ground of differences in national temperament. It may be that as a people we know how to take our medicine better than the Englishmen do. If an American writer's books refuse to sell, he either drops out of the "game," or else sticks to the game without making a fuss about it. Our characteristic optimism induces us to lay emphasis on the men who have "arrived." Nevertheless, the preponderance of cheerful confessions over the other kind must be accepted as proving that the rewards of authorship in this country are much higher than abroad and are much more generally diffused. But the interesting question is, Just how much better paid are our novelists than their fellow-craftsmen abroad, and does even our higher average of pay supply the members of the profession as a whole with a living wage? A careful study of several recent human documents in this field leads one to the conclusion that, even in this country which proudly counts a dozen men who ask a thousand dollars for a short story, and which produces every season a half-dozen novels that sell by the hundreds of thousands, the fiction business hardly pays.

We mean that it hardly pays when you consider the mental, physical, and moral effort that goes towards the attainment of success. There are instances, of course, where writers have succeeded in hitting the bull's eye with a first or a second book. But from the published confessions as a whole it is plain that, to the average "best-seller,"

success comes only after years of hard work, discouragement, and, what is most important of all, disenchantment. And here our native writers are at one with the Englishmen. The American producer of best-sellers is at pains to show that he has no illusions with regard to his work. Commercial success is the only thing he claims to have achieved. He did nourish artistic ideals in those far-off days when the high price of beef was a much less vexing problem to him than the high cost of postage stamps. To-day he is engaged in giving the public what it wants. Now and then a novelist will venture to argue that writing the kind of literature the public wants is not a very degrading occupation, after all, but even this writer will seldom pretend that he enjoys doing it. So we still face the question why men will go on writing books which they do not regard as worth while, when the same amount of labor, persistence, and brains would be sure to bring them much higher rewards in any other line of business. Suppose there are a dozen writers in this country to-day who get a thousand dollars for a short story, and earn twenty-five thousand dollars a year. What other profession or calling is there whose twelve most successful practitioners, in a nation of one hundred millions, must be content with so modest an income?

The only profession that is worse paid than literature is the ministry. The number of clergymen in the United States who receive even half of twenty-five thousand dollars may be counted upon the fingers of one hand. But then the minister does enjoy those non-monetary compensations which the writer of best-sellers expressly has sacrificed. Joy in creative effort, joy in one's mission, the good opinion of one's fellow-workers—all these, according to our printed confessions, the successful novelist has thrown overboard. The writer in the *National Review* defines a minor novelist as one whose books average a sale of two thousand copies. If these two thousand copies were "The Egoist" or "What Maisie Knew," the problem would be a simple one. But our writer tells us that he was not engaged in turning out masterpieces, but pot-boilers; and what is the use of writing pot-boilers that do not even serve to make the pot boil? The case of our own best-sellers is essentially the same. It is true they

do keep the pot boiling, with something over for dessert, and even an occasional motor car and a house in the country. Only, the motor cars and the bungalows could be more easily and more plentifully earned if our writers gave up literature for business. There at least one finds the opportunity for doing honest work. Business men do not work with their tongue in their cheek, in order to make a handsome income. They do not have to say to themselves, "I could turn out a very superior brand of soap, but if the public wants bad soap, I give the public what it wants."

THE RETURN OF SIDE-WHISKERS.

It is in France that they keep the closest eye on fashions, and it is from a French source that we learn of the beginnings of a movement in England to restore the side-whisker. So far it is only a tentative and modest effort to return to an earlier style. There is no question as yet of bringing back the long and sweeping hirsute appendages which used to frame the faces of Englishmen in the first years of the last century, falling from the ear far below the chin, as Canning is pictured for us, or as Byron appears in D'Orsay's sketch of him. Not even so far as the "mutton-chop" has any bold innovator yet ventured to go. The first step that costs amounts at present to no more than a slight tuft of hair hardly going below the cheek-bone. But this is now admitted by fashion and soon may be decreed. At the recent marriage of a popular actress in London it was noted that the bridegroom as well as each of his best men wore this faint suggestion of a side-whisker. Note of this was instantly taken by the devotees of the latest style, and the reporters made haste to interview the best-known coiffeur of Mayfair. He solemnly predicted the speedy coming in of the side-whisker, though he added the warning: "It is not sufficient for the man of fashion to have side-whiskers. The essential thing is to know how to wear them."

He, of course, as an expert, was prepared to give advice to young elegants to whom Jove, in his next commodity of hair, might send a beard. He had prepared a series of carefully designed models, some of them in wax, showing the various arrangements of whiskers permissible. Naturally, the comic papers took the matter up. One of them

had the whimsey to print some portraits of modern English statesmen as each of them would appear with the new hairy ornament. Sir Edward Carson might have seemed even more portentous in Ulster if he had worn the truculent whiskers here assigned him, while Winston Churchill, similarly arrayed, could no more be exposed to the taunt—which, for that matter, was flung at Pitt—of Angry Boy.

Most public men in England are careful of their appearance, and their prevailing style has been to go close-shaven. The full beard is, to be sure, tolerated: one could hardly imagine the Duke of Devonshire without it, and the gray wisps at the side of Gladstone's face are familiar. Lloyd George's belligerent moustache is an exception, but it goes well with his reputation for being unconventional if not a trifle revolutionary. The general rule is a hairless face: and it is most often seen in the Englishmen of to-day. One recalls the maxim of Mr. Podsnap: "Rise at eight, close-shave at a quarter past." To many of his fellow-countrymen this has long seemed as indisputably as it did to him a fundamental part of the British Constitution. But with a whisker not so large as a man's hand now on the fashionable horizon, what mad excesses of beard may not be impending!

The fluctuations of custom in this regard have certainly been extraordinary. Women are entitled to turn the laugh on men, in any long view of the styles of wearing a beard, or going without one. The velleities of feminine fashions could show no greater vagaries or more sweeping changes. Go to the library of any college and look at the class-pictures of students graduating between about 1840 and 1855. The faces are clean-shaven. That was then the orthodox American fashion. An old German, who came to this country in those years, has told of his vain looking for work in all the shops and offices up and down Broadway. At last one kind merchant drew him aside and informed him what was the trouble. He wore a heavy moustache. There was no hope of finding employment till he cut that off: it was too defiant of custom, too suspicious. Who could trust a man with hair on his face? But pass on a dozen years to the Civil War period and later, and the land was filled with flamboyant whiskers. Some of the pictures of college baseball teams of that

date, as of the first football elevens—or fiftens—look as if no one were eligible unless he were bearded like the pard. The beard, instead of being a badge of irregularity and something like opprobrium, became a symbol of respectability and even dignity. Everybody knows that Lincoln, when he was elected President felt it necessary to "raise a beard," with a result that was little short of a national misfortune.

There ought to be the largest individual liberty in all this matter. To some faces a beard means salvation; to others a calamity. We have all seen clean-shaven men who appear almost as if making an indecent exposure of their character. There is a story of Gibbon allowing Madame du Deffand, who was blind, to finger his face, but she found his features so repulsive that she instinctively cried out: "Why, this is a bad joke!" A stout hedge of beard would have prevented that; and there are plenty of men whose friends ought to advise them not to stop with the incipient side-whisker of the coming English style, but to cover up as much of their faces as they can.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

That the briefer form of "Diana of the Crossways" was a condensation of the more extended novel for the convenience of serial publication is made virtually certain by the statement of Meredith in one of the letters printed in the September *Scribner's*. In May, 1884 (before the appearance of the first instalment of "Diana"), Meredith writes that he is conducting his heroine on "her sad last way to wedlock," showing that he probably has already got her through the scene that ends the story in the *Fortnightly*. My view is further borne out by the following considerations, of interest also on their own account.

It is known that "The Shaving of Shagpat," "Richard Feverel," "Evan Harrington," and "Harry Richmond" were all, in the original form, much longer than as now published. "Shagpat" and "Richard Feverel" did not appear serially. In the other cases, the principal reductions were made from the version common to the periodical and the first edition in book form.* In all these cases, the earliest form is the longest;

*In the final volume of the Memorial Meredith is given an extensive table of alterations "on the original text" of Meredith's novels. But it should be observed that, while no statement is made to that effect, the "original text" is taken to mean, in the case of the prose works, the text of the first edition in book form. This is just the contrary of the method followed with the poems, in which case the original text is stated to mean that of "the first publication of the poems, whether in a periodical or in a volume." As a result of this policy in reference to the prose, there is no statement given of the very great alterations made in some of the novels when published serially—viz., those discussed in the following paragraphs.

and there is established a presumption that, in general, Meredith cut down the original versions of his novels instead of enlarging upon them.

It is not generally known that very great differences exist, in the case of "One of Our Conquerors," "The Tragic Comedians," and "The Amazing Marriage," between the book and periodical forms. "The Tragic Comedians," as it appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*, has but fifteen chapters, as against nineteen in the book, two abbreviated chapters having, in several cases, been run together. "The Amazing Marriage," in serial form, has but one chapter less than in book form; but the aggregate difference in bulk amounts to some thirty-five pages of the Memorial edition. The difference is greatest in the case of "One of Our Conquerors." It is, perhaps, sufficient to point out that, in one place, no less than seven consecutive chapters (xii-xviii) were entirely omitted in the periodical.

In this most striking instance, we may be certain that the difference represents a cutting down of the extended novel for serial publication. For there is extant an agreement between Meredith and the publishers, Chapman & Hall, in which was conveyed the right to run the novel serially in the *Fortnightly*, the author to "undertake to reduce the same so that it can be passed through the said *Review* in not more than seven monthly issues." So that here we have Meredith actually contracting to treat "One of Our Conquerors" as we accuse him of treating "Diana."

Hardly less convincing is the evidence in the case of "The Tragic Comedians." The MS. of this novel, recently offered for sale in New York, which was that used for printing the first edition of the book, is stated to be the extended form of the novel. The owners of the MS. write:

It is apparent that the book was put in type from the manuscript, and then, in order to condense it for the magazine, passages, generally complete paragraphs, were cut out. . . . The book seems to have been printed in 1880, and as the later instalments in the magazines were in the numbers for January and February, 1881, we may presume that the story was condensed in order to prevent it running on in serial form until March or April.

In this case, at least, we seem justified in setting aside the description on the title page of the first edition, "Enlarged from the *Fortnightly Review*."

But exactly parallel are the cases of "Diana" and "The Amazing Marriage"—the one obviously cut off before the end, so as not to extend into the year of book publication or beyond the periodical year, the other squeezed into the twelve numbers of *Scribner's* for 1895, the very year of publication in book form. It is further significant that the sole important difference between the periodical and book forms of "Vittoria" is a single cut of seven Memorial pages (in chapter xiv), apparently found necessary in order to conclude the story in the *Fortnightly* for December, 1866. And now we learn from one of Meredith's letters that he contemplated—and it is probable that he carried out—a considerable reduction of "Beauchamp's Career" for publication in the *Fortnightly*. In this case the excised portions were not restored in book form.

In view of all these facts, it is perhaps unnecessary to appeal to internal evidence

to show that the passages not appearing in the periodicals were cut out of the extended form, and not enlargements upon the short form. It would take long to achieve demonstration by such means. And yet, it will be clear to the careful reader that these passages, while they are such as might naturally have been excised by an author wishing to reduce the bulk of his narrative, are not generally of a sort likely to be added to a novel once completed and given to the world. Meredith would have been much more likely to cut out Dame Gossip's ballad-story of "The Piccadilly Hare and Hound" (in chapter xxviii of "The Amazing Marriage") than to have inserted it after the work was cold. Moreover, there are many instances in which what follows the omitted passage comes too abruptly, and does not join on naturally to what goes before. In some instances a somewhat unsuccessful attempt was made to restore the coherence sacrificed in the cutting. In chapter xix of "Diana," an extended account of the drive taken by Diana and Lady Dunstan has been omitted, and the dialogue of the drive is telescoped upon one at Copley itself. There is still retained a reference to "the drive home" and "the solitude they had enjoyed"; and, in order to supply the clue to the mystery, an awkward phrase is inserted earlier, by which the scene of the Copley dialogue is transferred to the drive. In general, the internal evidence bears out the assumption that, with these late novels, as with the earlier ones, the original version was the most extended.

JOSEPH WARREN BEACH.

Correspondence

THE SEMESTER COURSE AND CULTURAL STUDIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: An examination of college catalogues will reveal the fact that college administrators of to-day arrange their curricula in semester courses. If this tendency prevails, the field covered in each course must be less extensive than catalogue now show it to be. Let us discover how much time a semester course includes and of what nature a cultural course is.

Ordinarily a course is a "three-hour subject"; a college "hour" is theoretically sixty minutes, and a semester eighteen weeks. Hence, according to schedule, an instructor has with his class fifty-four hours—four and a half twelve-hour days. But an "hour," due to delay in getting started, etc., seldom lasts more than forty-five minutes, and of the eighteen weeks one invariably goes to examinations, one inevitably to holidays, and one usually to miscellaneous college exercises. Disregarding the last, since it is variable, and counting on three forty-five-minute periods a week for sixteen weeks, we find that an instructor who, according to schedule, has fifty-four hours with his class, has, according to practice, only thirty-six hours. That this is a fair estimate any college teacher will at once recognize.

Besides these thirty-six hours, how much time can an instructor know his students to be putting on the work of a cultural

course? Theoretically, for each hour of recitation or lecture, a student gives two hours of "outside study"—that is, six hours a week for a three-hour course during one semester, ninety-six hours. Not many instructors and not many students are able to assert that any but the exceptional student gives this much time to preparation of a lesson in a cultural course. Granting, however, that the average student puts thirty-six hours into preparation, much of this time goes into general reading—the hasty reading of novels or of dramas, for example; part into the reading of biographies and criticisms; part into close study. Really, how much time should one reckon a student in a cultural course when not in class studies?

If we allow these ninety-six hours as fair reckoning and add to them the thirty-six spent in class work, we find that each course gets one hundred and thirty-two hours—five and a half days. Actually, does it?

Now let us inquire what the nature of the material in a cultural course is, say, in English literature. For one hundred and thirty-two hours of work, and especially for thirty-six hours of close classroom study, a course that covers the history of English literature from the beginnings to the poems of William Watson ranges too widely. A course that involves more philosophical work, like the study of a century's writers, covers too little time for real thought and grasp. One which aims at knowledge of a type of literature depends on wide reading—which therefore must be done, if the work is to be thorough, before actual study can begin. One that aims to give appreciation of a writer's significance as a thinker involves knowledge of history, of biography, of criticism, of literary study—to say nothing of logic and psychology. Usually the student's knowledge of history is either obtained through vague generalizations dished out by the instructor or is taken for granted; the biography is "got up" hastily through the medium of E. M. L. books or some such condensed material; critiques, most of them far too elaborate and complex and philosophical for desultory study and for a college student's grasp, are too liberally assigned as "suggestive references" and "interesting treatments of the subject"; the literary study itself comes out rather meagrely. Further, an instructor must teach students how to study and often how to think.

A vast amount of material, therefore, is before any teacher who faces a so-called cultural course, and, it is apparent, time for the handling of only a small part of it. Wise selection of what shall be done and wise limiting of the amount of material is imperative.

For more than a decade now colleges have been extending their curricula—not only adding new courses, but, because of the growth of thorough scholarship, packing existent courses fuller. Now comes upon them the restriction of these packed courses to severe time limits. Such procedure does not heed the most valuable cry of the day, that for intensive rather than, or as well as, extensive work.

The semester course, if it remains a telescoped year course, as it now seems to be, will not help the reputation of cultural

courses. These subjects, one well knows, need at this time particularly strengthening.

HAROLD G. MERRIAM.

Beloit College, October 1.

SECESSION IN CALIFORNIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The writer of your notice of my book, "The Contest for California in 1861," says: "The proof that Col. Baker prevented it [the secession of California and Oregon] consists largely in quoting from his speeches in the campaign of 1860." Your reviewer errs. Only one such speech is cited, and the quotations from that are few and brief. But that speech is not relied on, nor are others, "largely," nor even to the slightest extent, to prove Col. Baker's dominant share in defeating the secession plot. The speech is not referred to as having any relation whatever to that work by Col. Baker—of which there is ample proof.

Your reviewer remarks that "the danger of secession in California and Oregon is probably exaggerated" in my book. If your writer knows anything about it, if he knows there is exaggeration, should he not plainly say so? If he does not know anything about it, is it fair to endeavor to discredit the book by a conjecture?

ELIJAH R. KENNEDY.

New York, September 20.

[Mr. Kennedy's thesis is that California was on the verge of secession in 1860, but that Col. Baker saved it for the Union. I had never come across any conclusive evidence that there was any real danger of secession in California. I read Mr. Kennedy's book, but such evidence as he presented did not change my opinion. I therefore concluded that he had exaggerated the danger. But as I do not like to be dogmatic, I gave him the benefit of the doubt and said "probably exaggerated." Chapter ix is headed in part as follows: "Secession propaganda defeated—Extraordinary meeting in San Francisco—Oregon and California won for the Union." Most of this chapter is devoted to a speech of Col. Baker's in San Francisco. It is true, not much of it is quoted, but it is described at some length, and much is made of its tremendous influence in the State, and, immediately following, the chapter closes with these words: "A few days later the Presidential election occurred; Abraham Lincoln had a plurality of six hundred and fourteen in the State of California. Col. Baker had won the State for the party of freedom." I supposed this to be the decisive event, for it is a little difficult to think of a State voting for Lincoln and then seceding from the Union, inasmuch as most of the States which did secede did so precisely because Lincoln was elected. It is true that in chapter xi Mr. Kennedy has Col. Baker save California a second time by inducing Lincoln to send Gen. Sumner to replace Gen. Johnston in the Department of the Pacific. When

an author proves his thesis in a number of ways, it is difficult for the reviewer to know which one it will please him to have particularly noticed.—THE REVIEWER.]

THE DYNAMITING AT LAWRENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I note in your issue of September 5 that, although you do not hold Mr. Wood guilty of the "plant" of dynamite at Lawrence, you do incline to the truth of the charge that the American Woolen Company is responsible therefor. Although it has not been my privilege to investigate the evidence leading to the charge, I have had to live through another of W. D. Haywood's "personally conducted" strikes. The similarity of the charges now preferred at Lawrence to those preferred against the mine owners at Telluride, Col., is so striking that it raises an immediate presumption of falsity in my mind. At least three men professing friendship to the mine owners and citizens of this community were made away with during the labor trouble here, and their deaths charged to the mine owners by this same friend (?) of the workman who is now charging like crimes upon the president of the American Woolen Company. In short, a community which has once suffered a visitation from Mr. Haywood is loath to put much credence in his present charges. Coincidences oft repeated are apt to become habits.

W. L. HOGG.

Telluride, Col., September 24.

A CORRECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the account of Mr. Farnell's paper before the fourth International Congress for the History of Religions (*Nation*, October 3), Hercules is a slip for Achilles. Kindly make this correction. M. J., JR.

Philadelphia, October 4.

A PROPHET OF PROGRESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I cannot forbear adding to the hilarity of those not yet gulled by the Lord of Progress by quoting an "editorial section" of the New Thought magazine, the *Nautilus*, for September, headed: "This is Prophecy":

Roosevelt will be the next President. I say it calmly, coldly, the morning after. I have inside information—information from the spirit within—that Armageddon will be pulled off November 5, and that the people are getting ready to speak with the voice of God for T. R. and Hiram Johnson, of California.

L. M. H.

Madison, Wis., October 5.

COLERIDGE AND THE SUSQUEHANNA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: What suggested to Coleridge and Southey their project of establishing a colony in America, and why did they choose the banks of the Susquehanna as its site? I am not aware that a satisfactory answer has ever been given to the

first of these questions, and delightful as is the guess that they picked out the name "Susquehanna" because of its musical sound, I feel that a weightier reason must have moved the young adventurers. They were very much in earnest, and were trying with all their might to be practical men.

It seems to me probable that they had heard of a French settlement whose brief annals make one of the most romantic minor incidents in American history.

As early as 1792, French *émigrés*, among whom were several nobles and high ecclesiastics, sought refuge in Philadelphia from the dangers of the Revolution. They appear to have been guided thither by officers of the royal army, who had served in America under Lafayette. In 1793, negotiations were begun with Robert Morris and John Nicholson for the purchase of a vast tract of land in what is now Bradford County, Pa., and on April 22, 1794, the Asylum Company was formed. Broad streets were laid out, and thirty dwelling houses, a church, and a theatre were erected on the banks of the Susquehanna, one hundred and eighty miles northwest of Philadelphia, in an almost unbroken wilderness. There is a tradition that the aristocrats who composed the colony hoped at one time to welcome exiled royalty and hatch a counter-revolution. But their little Coblentz was doomed to swift decay, and the Duke de la Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, who visited Asylum about two years after its establishment, found it already moribund. Its history is recorded in full in Mrs. Louise Welles Murray's "The Story of Some French Refugees and Their Asylum," 1903, and ably summarized in J. G. Rosengarten's "French Colonists and Exiles in the United States," 1907.

Of course Coleridge and Southey may have heard of this colony in more than one way, but it is almost certain that they saw the following notice, which appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for June, 1795, and it would be quite enough to inflame their imaginations:

There is a colony established not far from the Susquehanna River, in America, by a class of wealthy Frenchmen, who formerly distinguished themselves in the Constituent Assembly of France, but were prudent enough to retire in time with their families and property; among these are Noailles, Talon, Blacon, Talleyrand, and others of the *ci-devant Noblesse*: they have relinquished their titles, and have domesticated here in the most social manner. Their little settlement is called French Town. The tavern is kept by an officer, who was formerly le Baron Beaulieu!

French Town was Asylum; the persons mentioned in the above notice, and several others once prominent in the church, the army, and the court of old France, were among its founders; their records in that capacity have been preserved.

It is not unlikely that the removal of Dr. Priestley to Northumberland, Pa., also on the Susquehanna, imparted fresh glamour to the name. After 1791, when the Birmingham mob burned his house and destroyed his books, manuscripts, and instruments, Priestley was, more than ever, an object of enthusiastic admiration to progressive young men. And as a Unitarian preacher himself, Coleridge felt a more than common interest in Priestley's emigration and in the beautiful river over

whose waters this bright lamp of reason now cast his ray.

GEORGE MCLEAN HARPER.

Princeton University, September 29.

Literature

THREE BOOKS ON CHINA.

The Chinese Revolution. By Arthur Judson Brown. New York: Student Volunteer Movement. 75 cents net.

Where Half the World is Waking Up: The Old and the New in Japan, China, the Philippines, and India. By Clarence Hamilton Poe. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.25 net.

Of these two books on Eastern Asiatic conditions the first might be described by the publishers' well-worn adjective as "timely," the second, in ordinary language as popular. A mere chance brings them both to our notice at the same moment, but the same chance suggests a comparison between the motives which attract different types of Americans to examine existing problems in the Far East. In the case of Dr. Brown, a secretary of the Presbyterian Board, the interest may fairly be called professional. An upturn in China involves enlarged opportunities in the most important missionary field in the world, and the factors directing new intellectual currents there are discussed with a view to stimulating supporters of missions to fresh efforts. Mr. Poe, editor of the *Progressive Farmer* of South Carolina, offers a series of articles, written originally for his own paper, from which one may deduce the topics selected from the other side of the world which are calculated to interest the practical American. He has no propaganda to promote, no axe to grind. The problems presented by a tour in the East are fresh to him, and he measures them all by standards of material prosperity. He approves the work of missionaries because they advance the comfort of their converts, but the soul of the Far East inspires in him no philosophical reflections; his gospel is the gospel of economic improvement.

"The Chinese Revolution" bears a title that is misleading if the reader expects an account of the upheaval which is still advancing towards its uncertain end. The author has wisely refrained both from attempting the history of a revolution that is incomplete and from estimating the operation of forces which are still obscure. Some of his chapters are built upon his former book, "New Forces in Old China," and others leave the impression of a rather hasty recasting of material which a Mission Board secretary has to keep constantly in readiness for use in his office. But while this is equivalent to saying that Dr. Brown's volume must be put in the category of missionary literature, it does

not mean that it lacks general interest and value on this account. His summary of essential facts in the series of events leading to the recent outbreak in China is readable and sufficiently informing to interpret for the ordinary student the detailed accounts of the revolution which may presently be expected to appear. The supreme need of the near future, as the period of disruption drags on, is the constructive force which can remodel a new nation out of the welter of old material. Despite the antagonism of some Western critics who are destitute of religious faith themselves, the importance of conveying to China at this critical juncture the vital energy of our Christian culture must appeal to observers whose vision is wide enough to look beyond the present impotence of that faith among many churches at home. It is not an argument for proselytizing so much as for adjusting to the case an agency which Lecky called "the most powerful lever that has ever been applied to the affairs of men." "Foreign missions," observes the author, "are not only a question of religion, but a problem of statesmanship which is of concern for the whole world. As such it merits the sympathy and coöperation of every intelligent and broad-minded man, irrespective of his religious affiliations."

Mr. Poe's description of economic and social conditions in modern Asia reveals a shrewd and kindly observer whose comments exhibit little of that air of superiority which characterizes the writings of most white travellers in the East. He is impressed, as most Occidentals are, by the palpable poverty of Asiatic peoples as contrasted with the physical comfort generally obtaining in the West; "but when one comes to consider," he adds, "only the sheer economic causes of the difference between Oriental poverty and Occidental plenty, it seems to me impossible to escape the conviction already expressed and elaborated that it is mainly a matter of tools and knowledge, education and machinery. In the Orient every man is producing as little as possible; in the Occident he is producing as much as possible. That is the case in a nutshell." Whether the ultimate prosperity of a nation is entirely conditioned by the earning power and the spending power of its people is a question upon which the author does not venture to speculate, but however conclusive his reasoning may seem to most of his American readers, it is doubtful if the educated minds of the East will ever be filled with the supreme satisfaction which the economic ideal affords us there. There are plenty of Orientals who are as keen to be rich as we are, but there are also those among them who still refuse to believe that wealth is a necessary road to happiness.

Mr. Poe has much to say that is in-

forming about the industries of Japan under its new factory system. On the whole, he thinks that her recent industrial advance has been greatly exaggerated, and that as wages increase and the standard of living improves, she will be unable to compete on a large scale with countries possessing greater natural resources. The labor supply is inadequate, less than half a million at present, out of a total population of fifty million, working in factories. Thus far, moreover, she has been handicapped for effective industrial growth by the inefficiency of her operatives—nearly two-thirds of them women—and the attempts of her government to stimulate industries by subsidies and special privileges. "Whatever loss," he concludes, "we may suffer by reason of Japan gradually supplanting us in certain cruder forms of production should be abundantly compensated for in the better market for our own higher-grade goods that we shall find among a people of increasing wealth and steadily advancing standards of living." In China and India the author seems to have enjoyed fewer opportunities to inspect factory life: a comparison of which with what he saw in Japan would have been interesting. The Chinese farmer, however, impressed him favorably as one who understood his work better than our own countrymen, in spite of his inadequate implements. In India, we learn, the total acreage under cultivation is very nearly that of the United States (250,000,000), and it supplies almost exactly three times the population—no account, however, being taken of exports. The reader will be conscious of a little vexation at the haphazard character of Mr. Poe's jottings, but they are seldom misleading, and he has the ability to keep up interest to the end.

The Chinese at Home, or the Man of Tong and His Land. By J. Dyer Ball, I.S.O., M.R.A.S. New York: Fleming H. Revell. \$2.

There seems always to be a demand among those generally called "intelligent readers" for the book that does not tell too much. Mr. Ball has attained to a high degree of success in making a book of this sort. His many writings on the life and language of China belong to the class of unlabored works which serve as introductions convenient to the beginner, but are resented a little by students. The author of "Things Chinese" is never profound; his art lies in his simplicity and continence; he will not embarrass you with his learning. A long life in China has made him familiar with the people who live there, their habits and points of view. His personal friends are mainly members of a community rather notorious for its ignorance of the inhabitants of a country where they are only awaiting a chance to go home, and neighbors like

these do not bother much about the researches of real Sinologues. He is not without sympathy for the natives, yet, either because he lives in Hongkong or because of an official career in that colony, there is in his attitude an aloofness from the Chinese curiously in contrast to his intimate knowledge of their ways. In the country of the blind, the one-eyed man is king; it may be a simple thing to satisfy the scholarly demands of commercial Hongkong, but the seats of critical scholarship in "foreign" China have long since passed from the south to Shanghai and Peking, and even a reputation and life-long labors among the Cantonese may leave much to be desired in one who speaks for the whole of China.

While it is necessary to set forth these three limitations to the author's work—his insularity, his mediocre scholarship, and his lack of acquaintance with upper China, where they do things differently—he has excellent qualities. His statements are always trustworthy, and this is rarely to be said of a book about China; his discursive style is easy to read, and his range of topics embraces most of the subjects that one cares to know about in an exotic land, though there are points upon which the specialist would always like to hear further. The famous flower boats, we are told, have now almost entirely disappeared from Canton River, owing to typhoons and the depredations of river thieves, but nothing is said of the dreadful increase of open prostitution that has replaced them. The student of sociology desires to know why this evil should follow in the wake of foreign establishments in Shanghai and Hongkong, as it does, threatening the middle classes of China with a vicious practice likely to surpass the opium habit in harmful results. But we learn nothing of this from "The Chinese at Home."

Perhaps the most successful chapters of Mr. Ball's book are those on the speech and popular literature of modern China. Most Europeans know that it is a country of many dialects, but few realize that at least half a dozen of these dialects are languages as different as English and Dutch, or that the local patois are so numerous as to allow three or four, sometimes, for one large city. The so-called Mandarin is not the classical tongue, but a quite modern dialect of the capital city adopted by the higher officials as a sort of lingua franca for the conduct of public business, in which, however, interpreters have to be employed when the common people of the provincial towns are involved. Of the literary capacities of the written language the author has a high opinion:

In the hands of an accomplished writer the Chinese language is capable of a condensed picturesqueness and vigor such as can be rendered into no foreign language

less ideographic in its mode of writing, unless by means of wordy paraphrases. Each character in its (often numerous) component parts carries a wealth of imagery to the sense, and whole series of metaphors are embodied in a single epithet. A language of this kind lends itself especially to the description of the scenery, and the most superficial analysis of Chinese poetry reveals the fact that the productions which are most applauded in this branch of literature consist simply of elaborate word-painting, whose beauty resides rather in the medium of expression than in the author's thought. Hence it happens that when odes, renowned for centuries among Chinese readers, are transposed into the naked languages of Europe, it is found that their charm has vanished, as the petals of a flower are dropped from the insignificant and sober-colored fruit.

An effective and picturesque feature of the book is its series of six Chinese drawings of common street types admirably reproduced in color.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Sin of Angels. By Martha Gilbert Dickinson Bianchi. New York: Duffield & Co.

The novels of this writer do not lack cleverness, and her work has shown steady gain in substance. But a certain hectic quality persists. Her earlier stories were set abroad, and her interpretation of European society was marked by that not unfamiliar self-consciousness of the reformed New Englander. Here, after the outset, the scene is laid in America, and the problem involved is, or is supposed to be, peculiarly an American problem.

The "sin of angels" is, of course, ambition; and the American male who neglects everything else, including his wife, for the sake of getting to the top, is the chief figure. That the wife destined to be the victim of pride is not the American female, gives a touch of novelty to the present handling of a not very novel theme.

Raleigh Payne determines to become a leader of men, not for the service he may be able to do, but for his own private glory. He does not value money for its own sake, but as a means to his end, and makes it incidentally, and with his left hand, after the fashion of young men in books. Early in his career, he arranges an alliance with a nice American girl, whose position he thinks will help him, and throws her over without compunction when a better matrimonial chance presents itself. The young Austrian countess whom he marries is vouchsafed him by reason of a family scandal, not concerning herself, which makes her intelligible in higher quarters. She is a beautiful and high-spirited girl, not really in love with him; and when he plants her in virtual solitude on his country estate in America, and goes about his busi-

ness, he is paving the way for trouble which any novelist or dramatist could have warned him of. She herself warns him, but nothing can touch his fatuity and self-absorption. A lover arrives in due course—and with him, to speak grossly, the reader's chief cause of complaint. For he is a finicking bore of a lover.

Eve Triumphant. From the French of Pierre de Coulevain. By Alys Hallard. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This was the first novel of note by the brilliant Frenchwoman who signs herself "Pierre de Coulevain." It was crowned by the French Academy, and appeared in English ten years ago. The success of her later stories in translation has led to this new issue. The fact that the heroine is American, and much of the action takes place in New York, offers a natural purchase upon the interest of an American audience. The story presents the everlasting problem of a woman's struggle between loyalty to a husband and passion for a lover.

Priscilla's Spies. By G. A. Birmingham. New York: George H. Doran Co.

We have been wishing for another story from Mr. Birmingham as spontaneously diverting as "Spanish Gold," and here it is. The setting is the same, that Irish coast village (under whatever name) which the story-teller knows and loves so well. Mischief is in the air from the rise of the curtain. The leading lady (she cannot by any stretch of fancy pass for the ingenue) is the fifteen-year-old daughter of a Sir Lucius Lentaigne, whose ancestors settled in Ireland for the sake of religious freedom. To her comes as guest for the holidays a cousin, Frank Mannix. He is two years older than she, and fresh from leadership in an English school, but it very quickly appears that the condescension is not to be on his side. Priscilla calmly takes possession of him from the start, and in the adventures which follow he never emerges from a subordinate rôle. But any rôle at all in connection with Priscilla is a boon, as the boy has sense enough to see. Priscilla's favorite playground is Rosnacree Bay, and the fortune of the moment has furnished it with the materials of romantic adventure. For some days a strange pair have been exploring the bay in a small sailboat. Priscilla puts forward the theory that they are German spies, and persuades young Mannix that they must be tracked down. The incidents that follow involve the presence of the head of the English War Office, and a whimsical lady from the British Museum. In the background are a group of genial and rascally Irish peasants, who have a little affair of their own in hand which complicates the operations of Priscilla. But the things that

happen are of minor consequence: what matters is the personality and the inimitable chatter of Priscilla—part naughty child, part budding maiden, half-flower and half-insect, and altogether human.

The Lovers: A Romance. By Eden Phillpotts. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.

By his sub-title Mr. Phillpotts warns us that we are to have something a little different from his usual commodity. In fact, this is an historical romance, no less. The time is that of the American Revolution, and the action is connected with the experiences of some American prisoners of war in England. Our business is chiefly with two of them, a naval officer and one of his men, who escape with the aid of two British maidens of appropriate degrees, and marry them when the war is over. Mr. Phillpotts is not much more successful than his fellow-countrymen are wont to be in the attempt to employ Yankee speech. His Benjamin Gun of Vermont speaks the tongue of Dartmoor for the most part, though he now and then remembers to say "gal," or "varmint," or "darned." Dartmoor is the scene: a pair of highwaymen, masks and all, do their best to enliven it. But the one indubitably human and genuine person in the story belongs to that long line of innkeepers which Mr. Phillpotts has established so firmly in our memories.

Eve. By Maarten Maartens. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

This writer's fiction has always the air of being the clever work of a beginner from whom a good deal ought to be expected. One keeps hoping that its exuberance and conscious brilliancy will give way to poise, and that its substance, by some trifling chemical change, will become rich and firm where now it is tenuous and volatile. But no such changes have really come about thus far. This story, like all its predecessors, is of a quality which might have been interesting in the work of a tyro, but is not quite worthy of an experienced workman.

Eva Melissant is the daughter of a sybaritic pair who in the retired luxury of their Dutch estate have contrived to live through twenty years of married life without a blur on the mirror of their content. They have brought up their children to be happy as the only sure duty in life. Eva marries a man considerably older than herself, and of very different upbringing; a burgomaster who takes himself seriously and has political ambitions. Another man and another woman make their appearance, too late for the ill-matched pair. It is Eva who gives way to temptation, and who has to pay the penalty. The old domestic drama, which no amount of handling can exhaust of

its possibilities, ought to be handled with some degree of freshness and some kind of force, if at all. The Eva of this rendering is appealing, pathetic, in her way, but tragic only in the cheaper sense of the word. "Maarten Maartens" is a skilful artificer of situation and of "bright" dialogue, but he somehow never quite does a big thing.

FRANCIS BARBER.

Johnsonian Gleanings. By Aleyn Lyell Reade. Part II, Francis Barber, the Doctor's Negro Servant. Privately printed at the Arden Press, London.

This second volume of Mr. Reade's "Gleanings" appears on better paper and in better form than the first, although only the same number of copies (350) is printed. A third part is promised, dealing with Johnson's boyhood; it ought to be by all odds the most interesting result of the author's devout and all-embracing research in the obscurer fields of Johnsonian knowledge.

This is not meant to imply that the present publication is without interest. Francis Barber, himself, may be an utterly insignificant character, about whom, after all Mr. Reade's investigation, we know very little, but that little shows the great Doctor in his most amiable, not to say sentimental, mood. For thirty years Johnson "watched over the welfare of his humble negro servant," sending the lad to school, and afterwards himself reading the Greek Testament and praying with the man. Mrs. Piozzi relates that when the cat Hodge got so old that it had to be fed on oysters, Johnson used to go out and buy them himself. According to Mrs. Piozzi he did this in order "that Francis the Black's delicacy might not be hurt at seeing himself employed for the convenience of a quadruped." Miss Cornelia Knight, however, gives a slightly different color to the act by connecting it with Johnson's strong sense of subordination as the basis of society. "The ideas of Johnson on social order were carried so far," she wrote, "that when he wanted to send for his favorite cat he would not order his servant, who was a negro, to procure it, saying that it was not good to employ human beings in the service of animals; he therefore went himself on the errand."

Mr. Reade entertains the common prejudice against Hawkins, and is blind to that biographer's common sense and other merits. "Hawkins," he says, "estimated the value of the bequest to Frank in one place at 'full fifteen thousand pounds,' and in another at 'little short of £1500.' Essentially mean in his judgments, and with a strong apparent bias against Frank, he would admit no merit to Johnson for his generosity, and no qualities in the servant to deserve it." Now, Hawkins, as Dr. Johnson's execu-

tor, may not have shown himself as very generous or scrupulously honorable, but his judgment in this particular seems to us eminently right, and it is a pleasure to vindicate against his detractors, led by Boswell, the author of a biography of a value as eminent as it is neglected. Hawkins observes:

How much soever I approve of this practice of rewarding the fidelity of servants, I cannot but think that, in testamentary dispositions in their favor, some discretion ought to be exercised; and that in scarce any instance they are to be preferred to those who are allied to the testator, either in blood or by affinity. Of the merits of this servant, a judgment may be formed from what I shall hereafter have occasion to say of him.

But we need not depend on Hawkins for the life of Barber after his master's death and for the evil effects of this legacy, certainly out of all proportion to the testator's means. Mr. Reade himself tells the story, though he does not apply the moral. Barber retired with his white wife and children to Lichfield. There, according to the biographer of his son, they "were improvident, strove to make a figure in the world, lived above their means, and dissipated their property." The end was poverty and helplessness. So much of what is told of Dr. Johnson presents him as harsh and overbearing, that we may welcome any further knowledge of his softer side. His sentiment towards Francis Barber may have led him into an error of judgment, but it is an error that brings us nearer to the heart of the great Dictator.

Mr. Reade completes his narrative with an account of Barber's son Samuel, who became a respected Methodist preacher in Staffordshire. At present a descendant of Francis is working in the potteries at Burslem.

The Exchequer in the Twelfth Century. By Reginald L. Poole, M.A., LL.D. New York: Henry Frowde (Clarendon Press).

The delightful and valuable twelfth-century essay known as the "Dialogue of the Exchequer" has received many learned and interesting commentaries from the time of the first edition by Madox in 1711 down to the new Oxford Edition of 1902; but none, we venture to think, is more learned and certainly none more interesting than the commentary which Mr. Poole chose to give as the substance of his Ford Lectures at Oxford in 1911. After discussing the authorship of the Dialogue and surveying the literature of the subject, he explains in detail the methods of receiving, reckoning, and paying out moneys at the royal English Treasury in the days of Henry II.

The decimal system of reckoning, introduced at the Exchequer shortly be-

fore the composition of the Dialogue, was carried out by the use of counters moved about on a large table which was marked off in columns like an abacus. Its introduction is remarkable when one remembers that English traditions ran not on decimal but on duodecimal lines; the pound weighed twelve ounces and contained 240 pennies; land was estimated by the hide-unit of 120 acres; the arithmetic table ran up not to a hundred, but to *hundertciftig*. This revolutionary change from a system based on twelve and six-score to one based on tens and hundreds could not have come by degrees; it must have been definitely devised by some one. Mr. Poole, with his knowledge of Arab history and with some suggestions from Professor Haskins's studies on Norman Sicily, ingeniously links many evidences to show that the inventor was none other than one Adelard of Bath. In saying that the decimal system was introduced we do not mean to say that men used nine digits and a zero. The advantage of using zero had been explained early in the ninth century in a treatise by an Arab mathematician named Al Khwarezmi; his system, known from his name as *Algorism*, was not, however, familiar in Europe until his treatise was translated into Latin more than three centuries later.

Accounts in the Exchequer were cut on wooden tallies; but students have always had difficulty in bringing the description in the Dialogue of the way tallies were cut at the Exchequer into agreement with such specimen tallies as are preserved; the reason is that none of the specimens which have been studied have been Exchequer tallies. Those, for instance, which are figured in the first volume of the Pipe Roll Society and wrongly referred to by the editors as Exchequer tallies, really had nothing to do with the Exchequer; they are tallies between the reeve of a manor and his tenants. All the Exchequer tallies which were kept under the Houses of Parliament were destroyed in 1834 when the careless janitor who was burning up old tallies heated the flues so hot that he incidentally burned up the Houses of Parliament. Very recently, however, a bag of true Exchequer tallies was found in a chapel of Westminster Abbey, and they confirm in a remarkable way the accuracy of the details set forth in the Dialogue.

The English Exchequer has left its imprint on the English language, not only in such evident words as "cheque" and "tally," but also in "stocks," in the sense of stocks and bonds. If one lent money to the Bank of England down to a hundred years ago, tallies were cut for the amount as they were cut at the Exchequer in the time of the Crusades: the Bank kept the "foil" and the lender received the "stock"; you thus held "bank-stock." Incidentally, Mr. Poole

shows that "sterling" is not derived from the Hanseatic "Easterlings," as has been wrongly asserted by antiquarians since the time of Queen Elizabeth; *esterlin* or *sterlingus*, meaning an English silver penny as distinct from various French pennies, is found in Norman manuscripts as early as 1100 A. D.; a pound of sterlings, meaning a pound's weight of 240 pennies, became shortened into the "pound sterling"; and to this day sterling has the specific meaning of English as opposed to other currency; one does not speak of a franc sterling or a dollar sterling.

Mr. Poole's chief authority, of course, is the Dialogue itself, and from this he often quotes a page or more at a time (with freedom in translation and some condensation); but he has also scrutinized the Pipe Rolls and other financial records with a zeal and care which enabled him to set right more than one error of the editors of the Pipe Rolls, and which encouraged him to drop many valuable suggestions to students who wish to work with financial manuscripts in the English Public Record Office.

My Life Story. By Emily, Shareefa of Wazan. Edited by S. L. Bensusan, with a Preface by R. B. Cunninghame Graham. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$3.50 net.

For long the gossip in the European colonies in Morocco was busy over the story of the English wife of the Shareef of Wazan, and over the adventures of her two sons. The situation was curious enough. This was not a case of a woman of rank hiding her tarnished reputation in the desert, or of one of no rank at all achieving a position of which she could otherwise never have dreamt. But a young girl of good education and technically a lady went, in her marriage choice, voluntarily outside of her race and religion. And the Shareef, on his side, was not simply of the blood of the Prophet, as the title would mean elsewhere in Moslem lands, but he was of the closest lineal descent—more so than the reigning house—and held in the eyes of the people an hereditary sainthood which enabled him to work miracles and be a source of direct and concrete blessings from Allah on all his environment. And as this dignity passed down to his sons, so it gave a unique position to the mother of his sons, his English wife. She became, and still remains even more since his death, a quasi-sacred personage.

A career and a situation so unique—stranger even than that of the sergeant of the Black Watch who became governor of the sacred cities of Mecca and Medina—have in them human interest of the highest, and it is as a human document that this book is strong. The Shareefa—to give her the title which she evidently universally received, though it is not easy to see how it could

come except by birth—is a woman of tact, character, and thoroughly domestic instincts—the home-making, English type. In many ways she recalls Lady Burton, though she shows neither Lady Burton's eccentricity nor her dash of original genius. And her problem was much the same. It was that of holding an essentially undomesticated and Ishmaelitic husband by sheer dint and weight of character. Softness and attraction, too, there had to be, but these in the long run would have availed little. Lady Burton carried her task through successfully to the end; Richard Burton had thrown Venus in the lottery of life and found the helpmate exactly corresponding to him. It may be doubted if this could have been possible for the Shareef of Wazan, whose problem was even more complicated and proved in the end too hard for his English wife. Foreigners in Morocco summed it all as "drink"; it may be that the Shareefa's own guess of slow poisoning was correct. Much evidently happened of which her book tells us nothing; the blue-pencilling of the editor has confessedly been stringent. Much also happened which she admits frankly that she did not understand. With more of the instinct of the student she would have understood more. But in that case she would have been a quite different woman and would probably have failed of the success which she did achieve. And that success was really great. We leave her at the end securely seated among sons and daughters-in-law and grandchildren, the *Ke-beera*, or great lady, of an ordered Moroccan household. If her husband failed her and then died, her sons rise up and call her blessed. And again and again she reiterates in her book that she in no way regrets of the choice of her youth.

With the work of the editor it is not easy to be patient. Apparently, besides the blue-pencilling, his contribution is a single note on page 177, and it is wrong. A multitude of Arabic words and names, distorted by ignorance of spelling and by the eccentricities of the Moorish pronunciation, are left uncorrected and unidentified. The work which De Goeje did in his glossary to Doughty's "Arabia Deserta" was emphatically called for here. As it is, the future Dozy, when he writes a new *Supplément*, has his work cut out for him. For though this book is primarily and principally a human document, it is also, though often most exasperatingly, a contribution to our knowledge of Moorish life. It covers not only present-day customs, but also a large amount of folk-lore, and as it, of necessity, goes deeply into the woman's side of life, many of its details are unregistered elsewhere. The chapters and appendices on sayings and superstitions; on folk-medicine, cookery, and the table generally; on mar-

riage, birth, and death ceremonies; and on life in the town and in the desert deserve, and from the queerness of the Arabic spelling will require, most careful reading. "Taking sanctuary" among the Moors is illustrated throughout the whole book and has an appendix to itself. Another appendix on divorce throws much light on local custom, but must be read in relationship to the Malikite school of canon law. Otherwise it will mislead. Twice (pp. 86, 140) the Shareefa saw a "haunting ghost," and her experiences were in striking accord with the "true ghost-story" as opposed to the ghost of literature. Moorish saints, too, had dreams about her, and these are precisely of the class translated by Weir in his "Saints of Morocco." Cunningham Graham's preface is negligible.

Mezzo Secolo di Storia Italiana (1861-1910): Sommario. R. De Cesare, Città di Castello: Lapi. Lire 2.

This epitome, which in the space of about 100 pages embraces the chief events in recent Italian history, was prepared by Senator De Cesare for the volume which the Academy of the Lincei issued to commemorate the semi-centennial of the national government. Senator De Cesare tells the story with his usual fluency. Having lived through the period he describes, and known many of the actors, he has at his command much information that does not exist in print. His views are often really those of the man on the inside.

Two qualities strike the reader of this summary: its fairness, and the skill with which the proper perspective is kept. The author's judgments, even on politicians with whom he has no sympathy, are never venomous. He honestly endeavors to record the contribution which each man or party made to the national welfare. Only for Persano, who lost the battle of Lissa, and Baratieri, who was responsible for the Italian disaster in Eritrea, has he no extenuation. Among the ministers, he criticises Nicotera most severely.

In so brief a compendium, however, it is the rightness of the general narrative, rather than individual verdicts, that determine its value; and this we find throughout. Senator De Cesare does not gloss over any of the failures or stains; but he does take care to indicate the immense difficulties which beset his country down to a few years ago.

In addition to the political history, Senator De Cesare summarizes in separate sections the evolution of legislation and of commercial relations, and the conflict of labor and capital. Valuable tables of 47 ministries—from Cavour to Luzzatti—complete the summary. Half-tone portraits illustrate it. The book might well be translated into English, especially for the American pub-

lic, which needs to be better informed about the people with whom our relations are constantly increasing.

Notes

Miss Mary Greer Conklin holds a brief for good talk in a book which Funk & Wagnalls promise shortly—"Conversation: What to Say and How to Say It."

Joseph A. Altscheler has planned a trilogy on the subject of the Texan struggle for independence. It will be published by Appleton with the title "The Texan Star."

October 15 is set by the Century Company for the date of issue of William C. Redfield's "The New Industrial Day."

Edward F. Croker, for twelve years head of the New York Fire Department, has written a book on "Fire Prevention." It will come next week from the press of Dodd, Mead & Co.

A. C. McClurg & Co. are bringing out "The Illumined Life," a short manual of living based on the lines of New Thought.

The recently discovered Odes of Solomon are said by Dr. Edwin A. Abbott to furnish the missing link between the religious poetry of the Jews and the Christians. The matter is discussed by Dr. Abbott in his forthcoming book, "Light on the Gospel from an Ancient Poet" (Cambridge University Press; Putnam).

"An Experiment in Industrial Organization," being a treatise on factory methods, has the sound of an American publication, but it is written by an Englishman, Edward Cadbury. It will soon be issued by Messrs. Longmans.

Frederic Harrison is about to publish, through Macmillan, a companion volume to his "Choice of Books." It will bear the title "Among My Books: Centenaries, Reviews, Memoirs."

A new edition is announced by the same house of a work which first appeared forty years ago, Lord Fitzmaurice's "Life of William, Earl of Shelburne, afterward First Marquess of Lansdowne, with Extracts from his Papers and Correspondence." The work in its present form is said to contain important additions.

Houghton Mifflin Co. promises for Saturday: "A Picked Company," a romance of the Pacific Slope, by Mary Hallock Foote; "The Provincial American," by Meredith Nicholson; "Their City Christmas," by Abbie Farwell Brown; "A Doctor's Table Talk," by Dr. James G. Mumford; "A History of the Presidency from 1897 to 1909," by Edward Stanwood; "The Castle of Zion," the story of the Old Testament from David to Job, by George Hodges; "Merchant Venturers of Old Salem," by Robert E. Peabody; "New Light on the Old Truth," essays on religious topics, by Charles A. Dinsmore; "The Path of the Conquistadores," by Lindon Bates, Jr., and "Charles Elliot Norton: Two Addresses," by Edward W. Emerson and William F. Harris.

Bliss Carman has a new book for autumn publication, "Echoes from Vagabondia" (Small, Maynard).

Mrs. Frances Berkeley Young's new book,

"Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke," is about to be issued by David Nutt.

Among the books soon to be put forth by Longmans, Green & Co. are the following: "The Girlhood of Queen Victoria: Extracts from the Private Diary of Her Majesty from her 13th year (1832) till her Marriage in 1840," edited with an introduction by Viscount Esher; "Miriam Lucas," a novel by Canon P. A. Sheehan; "Railroads," by William Z. Ripley; "Essays in Appreciation," by Canon George William Douglas, and "The Story of the Discontented Little Elephant," told in pictures and rhyme by E. Somerville.

The demand for the Bible in all parts of the world is increasingly great. In the first week of September, consignments weighing nearly twelve tons were sent out from London by the British and Foreign Bible Society to nineteen different places. The translations were in twenty-five different languages.

The trend of secondary education in England is indicated in the recent report of the Oxford and Cambridge Schools Examination Board. The subject which the largest number of scholars offered was elementary mathematics, the next ranking subjects being history, French, and Scripture knowledge, with the most distinctions gained in this last. French was offered by three-quarters of the whole number, but German by less than an eighth, while the candidates for distinction in Latin and Greek were 153 less than in 1910. It is interesting to note that the number of girls offering the classical languages was proportionately much greater than that of the boys.

The account of the "Head-hunters of Northern Luzon," to which the whole of the *National Geographic Magazine* for September is devoted, is a valuable contribution to ethnology. The facts have been collected during eleven annual trips into this region by the author, Dean C. Worcester, Secretary of the Interior of the Philippine Islands. The several tribes are remarkable for their dissimilarity. Some live in the most primitive condition. Others dwell in attractive, well-built houses, and are "excellent hydraulic engineers." The Ifugao construct irrigation ditches running for miles along almost perpendicular mountainsides, and marvellous rice terraces which have retaining walls ten to forty feet in height. The earth is fertilized, and the crop is often tremendous. The Bontoc Igorots have forest laws forbidding the felling of trees until they have reached a large size, and young trees are planted by them. Head-hunting is becoming rare, though with some tribes it is excessively difficult to suppress, because it is intimately connected with their religious beliefs. The admirable illustrations consist of the reproduction of 102 photographs taken by the author and the official photographer of the Government.

Lippincott has brought out a good edition of "Lorna Doone," in a single slender volume, with illustrations from the Exmoor country.

"The Story of Old Fort Dearborn" (McClurg), by J. S. Curry, has much local interest as a clear and detailed account of an episode in the history of Chicago. More than this, the episode is typical. It has been repeated substantially many times, the

country over, in the earlier and later periods, as the great wilderness has emerged into the United States. The small frontier military post, with a garrison exposed to perils and hardships which often wipe it out, is a link between savagery and civilization which has never been missing. This book tells the story well.

Two years ago Booker T. Washington and Robert E. Park spent seven weeks abroad in an investigation of the conditions of "the masses of the people who were at the bottom in the scale of civilization." Their trail led from Ireland to Russia, and from Denmark to Sicily. In so large a field, covered in so brief a time, only general impressions were or could be sought. These, however, were sufficient to convince Mr. Washington that "the position of the negro in America, both in slavery and in freedom, has not been so exceptional as it has frequently seemed." Indeed, the journey, which was ostensibly in the form of a vacation for at least the more notable of the travelers, evidently had the effect of increasing his natural hopefulness regarding the prospects of his race in this country. The visit is described in a volume entitled "The Man Farthest Down" (Doubleday, Page), and it is easy to see from its pages why a stream of immigrants flows from the Old World to our shores. Yet, if the picture of the European peasant is at first sight depressing, not only does it have the advantage of raising one's spirits with reference to the situation of the man farthest down in this country, but it has a cheerful aspect of its own in the circumstance that it is less repellent than it was within living memory; at least, so these investigators found it. A particular result of the trip was the confirmation of Mr. Washington in his often expressed conviction that the way out for the negro is by the economic rather than the political path. The greatest boon that could be conferred upon the English laborer, he remarks, would be for him to have the same opportunities for constant and steady work that the negro now has in the South. Next to that would come industrial education, which the negro is getting. Not the least interesting of the observations here recorded is that "the man farthest down in Europe is woman." It should be added that the book is as readable for its lively presentation of conditions in Europe as it is valuable for its conclusions.

Part II of W. S. Sonnenschein's "The Best Books" (Putnam) has now appeared. It follows part I after a lapse of two years. The completion of this work in a third volume is promised for the immediate future. This is virtually the sixth edition of a monumental contribution to bibliography which first appeared in 1887. The title may be subject to misinterpretation in these days of highly condensed collections of "best books," put forth for popular consumption. The first edition listed some 50,000 titles. The present edition will contain between sixty-five and seventy thousand. Mr. Sonnenschein's best books are thus seen to be really all the good books and some that are not so good but are still useful in fair measure. The present volume is devoted to the two general classes, Society and Geography and Travel. Under Society is placed Law, Political Economy, Sociology, Political Science, Commerce, and

Education. The scope of the work is indicated by the 3,500 titles enumerated under Law, 4,000 titles under Political Economy, and 2,500 under Education. Not the least value of the book is to be found in its intelligent and painstaking scheme of topical classification. Numerous well-chosen divisions and subdivisions make it of service as a guide to systematic courses of reading and study. As an example we may cite the catalogue of works on Socialism, comprising some 300 titles, with appropriate characterization of the standard works in each group. As an English work, it naturally deals in greatest detail with the British Empire, but American authors are far from being neglected.

We have on our table the second edition, revised and enlarged to a volume of more than four hundred pages, of Dr. Gonzalo Picón-Febres's "Libro Raro," or dictionary of words, phrases, and "otras cosas" frequently used in Venezuela. A good many Spanish writers complain bitterly of the reluctance of the Real Academia Española to admit neologisms. Thus Don Cecilio Acosta declares that "Castilian has remained stationary; since its Golden Age it is virtually what it was." He goes on to say that not merely a protective but a prohibitive system has established, as it were, a cordon of guards to see that no foreign words should be imported, with the result that modern terms of the arts and sciences are lacking to correct Spanish writers, and such authors as Victor Hugo cannot be adequately translated.

Still more is this the case with the Spanish-American countries, where new conditions and new objects represented in daily speech and in popular literature are not recognized even in the twelfth edition of the Academy Dictionary. Dr. Picón-Febres includes not only *Venezolanismos*, but also many words used in Bolivia, in Costa Rica, in Chili, and in Peru. All sorts of subjects are discussed in his book. One may here learn that the little rodent known as *acure* (a creature "timid and sufficiently prolific") is known to the Cubans as *curiel*, to the people of the Venezuelan Andes and Hayti as *curi* and—perhaps—to the Peruvians as *cui* (plural *cuyes*). Occasionally the author pokes a little fun at what he calls *la Excelentísima Señora Academia Española*. He takes example of the worthy Dr. Samuel Johnson and allows his personality to shine forth in a naive and amusing manner, but the book contains a vast amount of curious information, and it cannot fail to be of use to those who read "Fidella" and other novels of Venezuelan life. It is clearly printed on opaque paper. A final note informs us that Don Mariano Poncela has been working for many years, "with the greatest care, perseverance, and labor" (*atención, perseverancia y laboriosidad*), on a "Diccionario Hispano-Americano." It is to include the modifications in the language from the earliest times up to the present, with the varieties arising from the Spanish possession of American and Philippine territories. It is published at Curacao by Bethencourt é Hijos.

The same publishers have also just brought out a 500-page volume, entitled "Teatro Crítico Venezolano," which, in spite of its title, has nothing to do with the drama, but is a compilation of articles and

letters referring now with eulogy and again with all manner of abuse to the various writings of Gonzalo Picón-Febres, Doctor en Ciencias Políticas, Individuo Correspondiente Extranjero de la Real Academia Española y de Número (electo) de la Venezolana. Dr. Picón-Febres modestly accepts the praise (which certainly might turn the head of a lesser light), but he shows himself a valiant fighter when he is attacked, and still more when it seems necessary for him to defend his country from misunderstanding, from neglect, from wanton abuse. He is the author of nearly a score of volumes—novels, poems, critical essays, public discourses, and historical writings. What more than anything else arouses his righteous wrath is the almost complete ignorance of Spanish America throughout the United States.

Dr. Picón-Febres charges us with brutal egotism, excessive pride, and ill-founded vanity, and declares that all one needs to do is to observe carefully "the character abrupt as a precipice, the impudent rudeness, the absolutely extravagant customs, the vicious inclination for material pleasures, and the lack of true elevation, found in the larger part of the North American people, to realize that there is 'more noise than nuts' (*más el ruido que nueces*) in its boasted civilization, that its lauded culture is in considerable measure a big lie, as much a lie as the 'doctrine of Monroe,' and that the skyscrapers, the electric light of Edison, the machines, the peddler-press full of advertisements and of nothing, the ridiculous baseball, the innumerable theatres devoted to boresome absurdities, and the brutal athletics devoid of grace and of gallantry—a grotesque and barbarous caricature of that glorious system of gymnastics which could triumph with superb stateliness in the Olympic games of Athens—neither are nor can be the exact and adequate elements fitted solidly to constitute the true greatness of a country."

He acknowledges that the United States possesses "men profoundly illustrious and learned, of very fine gentlemanliness (*de muy fina caballerosidad*), of good judgment, with lofty ideals, loving morality and justice, and that they disapprove of the propaganda of the press against Spanish America . . . and the policy of voracity which, bound up with the fantastic Monroe doctrine, is now more than ever directed to expropriation and fraud, unreservedly violating all international principles, insulting the majesty of civilization, and resting on the right of might; . . . but these men," he continues, "are few. They form a feeble minority against the immense, overwhelming, and unthinking majority, living to live, believing and repeating what they hear, without analyzing it, going whither they are led, and blowing whistles, harmonicas, and horns on the night of a Presidential election, and waiting till midnight on the principal streets till they learn the name of the one elected . . . by the will of the people!" All this, it may be said, is called forth by an innocent reference in a Boston paper to the Spanish-American republics as "small communities"! Our brethren to the south are sensitive, but Dr. Picón-Febres is quite right in mourning over the fact that we Americans are densely ignorant of our neighbors. It is certainly our loss.

There has been a strong movement in recent years in England, participated in to a certain extent in this country, in the direction of the simplification of grammatical terminology, so that within certain limits the same name may be applied to the same phenomenon, whether it is found in modern or ancient languages. The recommendations of a Joint Committee on Grammatical Terminology were published in revised form in a pamphlet "On the Terminology of Grammar," in 1911 (London: John Murray). Since this publication the recommendations have been at least partly adopted in four recent English grammars and now appear in "A New Latin Grammar" (Frowde) by that veteran classical grammarian, Prof. E. A. Sonnenschein. This grammar of 266 pages possesses many new features, in addition to the elimination of a large number of grammatical and syntactical terms with which recent grammars, particularly in this country, have teemed. In the section devoted to Forms simple syntactical principles are introduced and exemplified, thus giving the volume the appearance of an enlarged beginner's book. This is a direct reversal of the current American habit of including a desiccated grammar in the beginner's book. The principles exemplified are the uses of the cases, simple agreements, simple rules of government, uses of the Gerund and Supine, and the like. In the Syntax the usual order is reversed and the constructions of the verb are treated before those of the noun. In the former Professor Sonnenschein follows the analysis of the subjunctive which he has recently set forth in his treatise, "The Unity of the Latin Subjunctive: A Quest" (London: John Murray). The treatment of the Syntax gives the appearance of great simplicity. On examination, however, this simplicity is found to consist more in the omission of categories than in simplicity of statement. This, however, is not strange, as we have been striving for the latter in this country for a generation. Practically it is doubtful whether some of our American grammars, in spite of the burden of terminology which should be lessened, are not better books to teach.

John Edwin Bradley, who for many years held office in the public schools of New England, New York, and the Middle West, died on Monday at Randolph, near Boston. He was a graduate of Williams College, and was the author of several books, among them "Science and Industry," "School Incentives," "Healthfulness of Intellectual Pursuits," and "Unconscious Education."

Ex-Senator William Alfred Pepper, who died last Monday at Grenobles, Kan., aged eighty-one, was the author of a tariff manual, besides what he described as a "national poem" ("Myriorama"), "The Carpet-Bagger in Tennessee," "The Farmer's Side," "Americanism and the Philippines," and "Rise and Fall of Populism in the United States."

The Rev. Walter William Skeat, professor of Anglo-Saxon in Cambridge, England, is dead, in his seventy-seventh year. He was a prolific writer on the early periods of the English language and literature, and discussed a very wide range of topics. Perhaps the two subjects in which he was most interested were etymology and various aspects of Chaucer. It was hardly to be expected that a writer with so

many interests would show the accuracy which scholarship has come to require. Yet, in spite of his numerous slips, he was a man of vast learning, who, particularly by his knowledge of out-of-the-way lore, such as popular superstitions and customs, has helped to elucidate many cruxes in Middle English texts. Professor Skeat was born in London in 1835, was educated at King's College School, Highgate School, and Christ's College, Cambridge. After serving for a time as curate of East Dereham, he founded, in 1873, the English Dialect Society, of which he was president. This brought him into touch with Dr. Furnivall, whom he assisted in editing early English texts. His best-known works are Langland's "Piers Plowman," in four parts, 1867-84; "An Etymological Dictionary of the English Language," in four parts, 1879-82, and "Complete Works of Geoffrey Chaucer," six volumes, 1894. Dr. Skeat was a fellow of the British Academy.

Science

THE PHYSIOGRAPHY OF AUSTRALIA.

SYDNEY, Australia, September 13.

The reaction of the United States upon Australia and New Zealand has been both wide and deep, but till lately it has been mainly political; it guided, if it did not quite govern, the formation of the political and ecclesiastical Constitutions in both countries. Now, in a later day, Australasia owes to the paramount American commonwealth the gift of a new science. Physiography, which might be more appropriately termed physiogeny, in so far as it has ceased to be merely descriptive and has become constructive, is an American science. Its first commanding, yet prescientific, expositor was Arnold Guyot, a Swiss refugee, who became an American professor, and the impulse that he gave to it is not yet spent. Powell and his followers, still more Davis and his adherents, took up the torch from his sinking hands and by its light they have built up a science that is beautiful in its completeness and symmetry. On the base that they founded and according to the models they have reared, a band of ardent physiogenists is now engaged in raising an Australian wing. The leaders, Profs. Edgeworth David and J. W. Gregory, are avowed or unavowed followers of Prof. W. H. Davis of Harvard; and their students or colleagues belong to the same school.

The three volumes under review reveal this ascendancy.* In the introduction to the volume on New South Wales

*New South Wales: Historical, Physiological, and Economic. Edited by T. W. Edgeworth David. Melbourne: Whitcombe & Tombs.

The Geography of Victoria. By J. W. Gregory. The same.

The Geography of South Australia. By Walter Howchin. The same.

Professor David states that "It has been decided not to repeat in the present volume the principles of the evolution of scenery so admirably enunciated" by Professor Davis; but they are everywhere presupposed in it; some of them are assumed in the earlier volumes on the Geography of Victoria by Professor Gregory, and on the geography of South Australia by Mr. Howchin; and without some knowledge of them the three volumes will not be fully intelligible. Indeed, the marked superiority of these works may be gauged by the degree in which the principles of the American school have been assumed and applied.

The editor of the new volume, T. W. Edgeworth David, professor of geology in the University of Sydney, discoverer of the rich Maitland coal field, and geologist of the Shackleton expedition to the Antarctic, strikes in his luminous introduction the note of explanation and not merely description that characterizes the New Physiography. In his first chapter on Mountains, Dr. Woolnough, the chief contributor to the volume, is no less emphatic. With him, so assured is his footing, explanation precedes description; and it is only after he has engendered his mountains that he classifies them, as it is only after he classifies them that he describes the mountains of New South Wales. The Davisian "peneplain" and the Powellian "base-level" soon make their appearance, and the now established universal agency of erosion is everywhere invoked. Dissection is exhibited. The unitary character of a huge but disconnected Continental strip is shown. The mighty panorama of the Blue Mountains, which taxed the ingenuity of Darwin eighty years ago, is first convincingly explained. Dr. Woolnough proves that the vertical-walled cañons, 2,000 feet in depth, that dissect the plateaux, are the work of rivers flowing over them since their elevation from base-level. To most who have travelled over these formidable and unique masses the statement must appear incredible. The insignificant streams that now trickle over them are obviously inadequate to sustain a decent waterfall. The explanation is that, in earlier days, the streams had much larger watersheds and were of far greater dimensions, when they were engaged on their task of dissecting the plateaux. They were, therefore, both more powerful and more concentrated, and ploughed their way almost unresistedly through an extremely weak geological structure of chocolate shale between two great masses of sandstone. It is Newberry's explanation of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado over again.

The principles of the American school are continually proved or illustrated afresh by the authors of this volume. Nowhere are those principles more felicitously applied than in following the

evolution of the scantily fed river-systems of the island-continent. Depleted though they are, these systems have been its chief demiurge. Their erosive power, their transporting force, their youth and adolescence, their maturity and old age, their rejuvenescence and their death, their being "antecedent" (as Powell first named them), or "consequent," "obsequent," "insequent," or "subsequent," their engrafting and their meandering, their piratical captures, their diverting and even reversing, their dismembering and obliterating of other streams, and the winding up of an often violent career by their being, alas! "beheaded" or even "drowned" (for Professor Davis's term, "betrunken," seems not to have been taken up), reveal the wealth of the terminology introduced into Physiogeny by the American school, and they have changed the face of physical geography in Australia. The examples of river-piracy given in all three volumes show how powerful an agent it has been in the production of existing topography. Even the minor process of engrafting has combined all the rivers of the Murray and Darling systems into one of the great river-systems of the world.

The volume on Victoria is by the hand of a master. When it was written Dr. Gregory was professor of geology in the University of Melbourne; he is now professor of geology in the University of Glasgow, and he has a more than national reputation. Being wholly his handiwork, the book has a unity necessarily, yet not conspicuously, lacking to its companion volume on New South Wales. Accepting from Suess the two Atlantic and Pacific types of coast, he shows conclusively that Victoria has a coast of the Atlantic type, whereas its adjoining state, New South Wales, has a coast-line of a Pacific pattern, or, as Professor David would say, sub-Pacific; the two meeting at Cape Howe. Superseding the lexicographers, he gives a fresh and more scientific definition of a mountain, but adopts their definition of a mountain range. He is original in condemning the Great Dividing Range of Victoria as a geological myth; it is only a watershed. He holds that rivers are born, not made. He follows the American school in exhibiting the passage of rivers from their noisy youth up among the mountains to their staid maturity down on the plains. He traces their evolution. He distinguishes the corrosion that cuts away and deepens the bed of a river from the erosion that wears away its banks. After a river has reached its base-level by corroding its bed, it can only erode, and it acts on the surrounding country. He shows Victorian rivers being captured and beheaded. He exhibits the action of the wind in aiding an ocean current to form the Ninety Mile Beach. He tackles the difficult problem of the formation of the

Gippsland Lakes, and, after a beautiful and complex chain of sustained reasoning, he arrives at the conclusion that "they are the remains of a great sheet of water, most of which has been filled up by deltas and rands." As they are still in process of evolution, he conjectures that they will one day resemble the Norfolk Broads, which are a group of similar lakes, but in a more advanced stage of development. Both they and their congeners, together with a division of the Murray Lakes, are alike due to processes of river-deposition.

Walter Howchin's volume on South Australia is handicapped by the comparatively uninteresting character of the province he describes. It is a physiological failure. Nothing has succeeded with it. All its prime features have been nipped in the bud. Rivers, lakes, earthquakes, volcanoes, minerals, and what-not, are the merest shams—no, its copper is a reality! The river-system does not appear in Mr. Howchin's index, and there is some reason for the accidental omission. There are, indeed, countless rivers, but few of them are permanent, and they run only when in flood. They all get lost in the sandy flats or the mangrove swamps, or flow into Lake Eyre, without ever filling its rapacious maw, or they are lost by evaporation, or they are drowned by the sea. Yet, while they last, all Powell's terms and all Davis's concepts are found applicable. The most striking feature in the country is the Great Artesian Basin. The most extensive artesian system in the world, with its area of 590,000 square miles, stretches over three states. Its true source is still vehemently disputed. The prevalent view is that the artesian supplies originate from rivers, whose waters keep sinking to various depths—an underground Darling. The process by which an un-failing supply is trapped in beds of porous rock, sandwiched between two layers of water-tight rock, is too complex to be stated here, but Dr. Woolnough's explanation (in the first-reviewed volume) appears as convincing as it is lucid. No other view, indeed, was held till Professor Gregory, in "The Dead Heart of Australia," ascribed the artesian waters to a plutonic origin. Enormous masses of igneous rocks, which had large quantities of water dissolved in them before they solidified, underlie Central Australia, and this supply is invoked as the chief, if not the exclusive, source of the artesian waters. This being their source, he argues (in his volume on the geography of Australia contributed to Stanford's series) that the supply is not everlasting. He thus holds out a threat of destruction to thousands of sheep farmers whose stocks now thrive on artesian bores.

J. C.

Prof. D. T. Macdougall, director of the

Desert Laboratory at Tucson, Ariz., describes in the *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for September some of the physical and biological features of our deserts. In one of the arid regions, with summer and winter rainfall periods, there are as many floral species per square mile as in the densest tropical jungle, and one tree cactus may hold from 500 to 1,000 gallons of sap. An account of Patagonia, its history, government, industries, and the Boer and Welsh colonies, is given by W. G. Rae Smith, with illustrations.

Prof. H. S. Carslaw has rendered an important service by translating excellently the historical and critical study of "Non-Euclidean Geometry" (Open Court Pub. Co.), by the late Prof. Roberto Bonola. The essay begins with Euclid's definition of parallel lines, and after discussing the impossibility of proving this axiom, the author traces in admirable fashion the gradual development of non-Euclidean geometry. The clear and concise way in which the subject is treated and the large number of references given make this book interesting and valuable.

A modern work on evolution with the apparent object of exalting a given system which has, in the minds of many biologists, only an historic interest, is apt to attract little attention. This will undoubtedly be the case with André Tridon's excellent translation of Delage and Goldsmith's "Theories of Evolution" (Huebsch). Nevertheless, the book will serve a useful purpose in furnishing in English a history of evolution with critical estimates of the work of Darwin, Wallace, Weismann, of Lamarck and neo-Lamarckians, all written with the admirable clearness characteristic of cultured French men of science. The scientific value of such estimates is considerably minimized by the obviously partisan attitude of the authors, which becomes painfully prominent in the inadequate discussion of heredity and especially of Mendelism. This trait is probably due to the fact that the original volume was written three years ago in preparation for the Lamarck celebration in France and published, in cheap form, by Flammarion. Since that time the remarkable investigations in experimental biology, and especially in genetics, have thrown new light on the problems of evolution and make such a work as the one under review seem almost like the product of a past generation.

The death is announced of Lewis Boss, who since 1876 was director of the Dudley Observatory and professor of astronomy in Union University, Albany. He was born in 1846, and graduated from Dartmouth. He was engaged in several Government expeditions, was a member of learned societies here and abroad, and wrote numerous books on astronomical subjects.

Bradford Torrey, naturalist, writer of many books of nature-studies, and formerly editor of the *Youth's Companion*, died on Monday at Santa Barbara, Cal., in his sixty-ninth year. "Birds in the Bush," "A Rambler's Lease," "The Foot-Path Way," "A Florida Sketch-Book," "Spring Notes from Tennessee," "Footing It in Franconia," "Nature's Invitation," and "Friends on the Shelf" are among his best known works.

Drama and Music

Bernard Shaw et son œuvre. By Charles Cestre. Paris: Mercure de France.

Till M. Cestre appeared on the scene, Bernard Shaw was fortunatè in his biographers. For a living celebrity, biographical fortune consists in getting one's self presented by idolators and enemies. Every caricature and every idealized presentment of a popular hero is a welcome screen between the curious public and the precious secret of the hero's actual character. Mr. Shaw himself, like a peculiar cuttlefish emitting luminous ink, has, as every one knows, deliberately sought to blind his followers with excess of light. Mr. Chesterton, squarely seated on the grounded end of the literary see-saw, has ably caricatured his opposite as a virtuous but fanatical angel dangling between earth and heaven, at the sky-end of the plank. Holbrook Jackson has given us a devout account of his master, the Socialist, and Professor Henderson, authorized biographer, has with equal devotion described the great philosopher's clothes, hair, and daily walk.

M. Cestre is neither friend nor foe; he is merely a competent foreign explorer of English literary phenomena. He alone, under the pretext of introducing Shaw to French readers, has taken him into the laboratory and anatomized him. Students of English literature who are indebted to M. Cestre's admirable work, "*La Révolution française et les poètes anglais*," will know what qualities he has brought to this lesser task—searching analysis, a sense for fine distinctions complemented by an easy grasp of general ideas, lucid exposition, the impartial gusto of an investigator, and a critical spirit constantly functioning. When he lays down his pen, Bernard Shaw is no longer a complicated enigma in brown tweeds, but a disarticulated Irish Puritan classified and mounted for inspection. The book falls into four parts: a rapid survey of the author's career as Socialist, journalist, and dramatist; a systematic interpretation of the principal plays; a penetrating study of Shaw's temperament and ideas; and, finally, an examination of the form of the works.

To English readers the third and fourth divisions will doubtless prove most helpful. As definitively as anything that we have seen, they answer the terribly agitating question, "Is Shaw serious?" M. Cestre is cautious. He warns us at the outset that we are not under obligation to take any particular utterance seriously. Shaw is a humorist and, furthermore, a characteristic product of the intellectual curiosity and mobility of the day:

He reflects also what they contain that is extravagant and dangerous. The taste

for novelty and the need of change, which are in our time powerful elements of progress, entail also a certain satiety, and demand means of expression constantly more strong, and stimulants still more violent. Thence the orgy of *réclame*, which we see in contemporary society. Shaw, imitating the example of his age, uses and abuses *réclame*. . . . Shaw does not escape another fault of our day, the result of our fever of intellectual adventures; that is, a rashness in the forward movement, which does not always take care to assure the safety of the bases of supply and to maintain points of connection with the past. Along with just observations and profound paradoxes, there is in him an adroitness in constructing an artificial logic and in deriving general conclusions from particular instances which can only be called sophistry. . . . He does not always know how to preserve measure in laughter, as he does not always observe discretion in reasoning.

And yet, despite all reservations, M. Cestre contends that at bottom Mr. Shaw is serious—as serious as he can be under the circumstances. It is he that continues, after his fashion, in this latest age the great Puritan tradition of revolt formerly represented by Carlyle and Milton, and the literature of prophecy, the peculiar province of the Anglo-Saxon people. It is he that sees through the respectable shams, the hoary hypocrisies, and the accepted cant of the established order. A perfectly sincere sense of disillusion underlies the railing skepticism of his comedies and the rebellious bitterness of his prefaces. But his humor and the health and vigor of his temperament preserve him from misanthropy, and throw him back upon a kind of visionary idealism and a mystical faith in progress and the scientific spirit. He is, in short, a practical skeptic and a speculative idealist, or, as we should say in America, he is a radical progressive whose criticism of the *status quo* is frequently illuminating and always irritating, but whose constructive programme is intrepidly Utopian and, it should be added, inextricably involved in humbug. Thus, as M. Cestre pointedly observes, he reflects the spirit of the age.

A poetic drama on democracy, entitled "*Nimrod*," is announced by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. It is the work of Dr. Rolt-Wheeler.

Gerhart Hauptmann is said to be at work on a drama whose material is drawn from Homer. It will probably be called "*Der Bogenspanner Odysseus*."

We have to acknowledge from the Macmillan Co. the receipt of two more volumes of the Tudor Shakespeare—"Richard the Second" and "*The Winter's Tale*," edited, respectively, by Prof. Hardin Craig and Prof. Laura J. Wylie.

"*The Case of Becky*," which has just been produced in the Belasco Theatre, and which professes to be charged with deep scientific and psychic import, is in no way remarkable, except as an example of mana-

gerial astuteness. It is artfully designed to cater to the credulity and ignorance of the general public in regard to spiritual and other mysteries of nature, and undoubtedly does constitute a novel and effective theatrical entertainment, in spite of its artificiality and essential insignificance. The central idea of it is founded upon the published report of a distinguished Boston specialist on the case of one of his patients supposed to be the victim of a dissociated or disintegrated personality, whose inharmonious elements, working independently and antagonistically, were held to be responsible for eccentric and vicious actions wholly inconsistent with her true character when properly organized. The sufferer was restored, theoretically, through the gradual elimination of these discordant elements by means of suggestion, administered to them severally under hypnosis. There seems to be no room for doubt that the lady in question was somehow mentally deranged, that she was unconscious at one time of what she had done at another, that in mesmeric sleep she revealed motives and impulses of which she was unaware when awake, and that she was ultimately, by hypnosis or otherwise, cured. Not every one, however, who reads the report will be converted to the theories of the writer. In the play the heroine is described as having been born while her mother was under the influence of a professional hypnotist, who had compelled her, presumably against her will, to leave the home of her husband, a distinguished physician, and to this circumstance is ascribed the double nature which she is supposed to illustrate. She is alternately refined and charming or abominably vulgar and vicious. Finally, by stage coincidence, she comes under the care of her real father, the physician, who first quells the evil spirit in her by hypnotic power, and then, by the same agency, extorts full confession from the mesmeric quack, while destroying his capacity for further mischief.

Obviously, this is mere theatrical romance seeking justification in a ridiculous assumption of scientific pretence. In its crude extravagance it is virtually a burlesque of the original story. There is nothing even moderately fresh in its pretentious chatter about hypnotic phenomena. But the piece is most admirably stage-managed and capitally acted. The mesmeric business doubtless appears most impressive to the unsophisticated. Miss Frances Starr plays the double part of the heroine effectively enough—that is to say, she is alternately exceedingly "tough" and prettily refined—but without any exhibition of subtle correlation between the twin halves of the supposed dual nature. The artistic acting is shown in the physician of Albert Bruning.

"*Years of Discretion*" is the name of a new comedy which David Belasco will produce in the Republic Theatre in January. It is the work of Frederick and Fanny Hatton. Mr. Belasco is said to have great faith in it, and has engaged a remarkable cast for its interpretation. This includes Lyn Harding, Bruce McRae, Herbert Kelcey, E. M. Holland, Effie Shannon, and others.

The London *Telegraph* pokes fun at those who affirm that Sir Hubert Parry imitates

Handel and has nothing of his own to say. It refers triumphantly, as proving the contrary, to his latest work, "Ode on the Nativity," just produced at the Hereford Festival—a composition which is "a legitimate successor" to Parry's "The Blest Pair of Sirens." The critic thinks it doubtful if Handel himself could have written a more moving setting of the fifteenth century poem than Parry has in his latest production; adding that it will be a real surprise if his opinions are not supported by the general acclaim, during the next few months, of competent musical societies and their audiences.

Otto Goritz, the incomparable German baritone, has written an operetta which will probably have its first hearing some time in the present month at Hamburg. In composing this work, Mr. Goritz made use of a phonograph for recording the melodies he improvised on the piano. In course of time, he had accumulated several hundreds, from which he selected the best for his comic-opera score.

Maud Powell is one of the eminent musicians engaged as soloists for the coming season of the Philharmonic Society. She will not be heard in New York, however, before March 6 and 7. As usual, she has a novelty to offer—a concerto by the late Coleridge-Taylor. The autumn and winter months will be devoted by her to a tour of the West and the South.

A subscription list for a monument to Massenet has been started in Paris. The publishers, Heugel et Cie., headed it with 10,000 francs. Massenet's annual income during the last years of his life is reported to have exceeded 700,000 francs. He began his musical career by playing the kettledrum in a theatre band.

Ysaye, whom many call the greatest violinist of the period, will make his first appearance in eight years in New York with the Philharmonic Society on December 10. During his American tour he will play concertos by Bach, Brahms, and Bruch.

The death is announced of Berlin's oldest musical critic, Prof. Rudolf Fiege. He lived eighty-two years, and for more than half a century he was the critic of the *Nord-deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*.

Art

LIFE OF HARRIET HOSMER.

Harriet Hosmer: Letters and Memories.
Edited by Cornelia Carr. Illustrated.
New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. \$3.

There is an illustration in this life of Harriet Hosmer which should not escape the notice of suffragists. It represents the tiny figure of the sculptress amid the two dozen stalwart workmen who took her pay—the mere hands who obeyed her informing mind. All portraits of herself agree with this in a common impression of quaintness and bonhomie. In her attitude there would be something vividly pert, were it not for the steadiness of the fine eyes deeply set under a bulging fore-

head, recalling the brow of Beethoven. We have the face of one who had the uncommon good luck, in those "Book of Beauty" days, to be brought up a tomboy. With rod and gun, boat and horse, she was familiar from her childish days near Boston. Many years later she helped to organize the Campagna hunt, and shone as a horsewoman. Once when nearly fifty she was dragged some hundred feet by a favorite hunter. Remounting, she rode the chase out, though in a jocular letter on the event she admits she was "somewhat stretched." As a punster, wag, clever doggerelizer, organizer of revelry, she endeared herself to all manner of people. Most of the letters in this volume—and they are from very famous folk—are addressed to "Dearest Hatty." The Brownings adored her, and, more reservedly, sedate Mrs. Jameson. More stiffly in London and at home the George Ticknors made much of her. Of the lovely Queen of Naples, whose portrait as heroine of Gaeta Harriet Hosmer did in marble, she was the friend and household guest. Socially she conquered in every world. Hence it is amusing to find Fanny Kemble observing, early in the Roman days, that "Hatty's peculiarities will stand in the way of her success with people of society and of the world, and I wish for her own sake that some of them were less decided and singular." Evidently, the great tragedienne was either lacking in knowledge of the world or else obsessed by the memory of the madcap school-girl she had befriended a few years earlier at Lenox.

The hoyden quality of this admirable woman has been emphasized because the average lettered person still insists on identifying her with the angelic Hilda of "The Marble Faun." On this point we may as well consult her friend, Sir Henry Layard, who writes:

I have been recently reading "Transformation," so you may easily fancy you have been very constantly in my thoughts. I, of course, concluded that you were the heroine, but I cannot believe that you ever threw a gentleman over the Tarpeian Rock, even after a picnic in the Coliseum! Then as to the other lady, I could not fancy you with doves and a pet Madonna, so I gave up all attempts at further identification.

So much for legend, and yet the glamour of Harriet Hosmer's life remains that of Hawthorne's Rome—the goal of fervent ambitions, the generous foster-mother of alien talents, the seat of magnanimous companionships and admirations.

The color and quality of this old Rome have been delightfully caught in Henry James's memoir of W. W. Story. The reminiscences of Elihu Vedder and of Mrs. Hugh Fraser help to complete the picture. The obvious elation of it all we may sense in a letter of Harriet Hosmer to a school friend:

Do you remember what you said to me

about becoming so fond of Italy that I should never want to go home to live? Oh! thy prophetic soul, it is even so! Here I am as merry as a cricket and as happy as a clam, finding the nights nothing and the days shorter. . . . In America I never had that sense of quiet settled content such as I now have from sunrise to sunset. . . .

There is the most charming circle of people here that you can imagine. Among them Mrs. Kemble and Mrs. Sartoris. They are like two mothers to me, and their house seems home all over. Then the Brownings are here, both so delightful. Mrs. Browning a perfect darling, and every Sunday and Wednesday evening there is a friendly party, as she calls it, at Mrs. Sartoris's, consisting of Mrs. Kemble and the Brownings, two young artists [one of them Leighton], and your humble servant. Mrs. Sartoris sings, and Mrs. Kemble sometimes reads, and all in all it is the perfection of everything that is charming. The Thackerays, too, are here, and they are such dear girls. Every now and then there is an excursion projected for the Campagna, consisting of these same persons, and we go out for the day frolicking.

The letter not merely recalls bygone idyllic days, but serves also to represent the rapid touch and go of Harriet Hosmer's epistolary manner. A joke is never far away in these letters, and the headlong prose easily breaks over into punning verse after the model of Hood and Saxe.

Endeared by her native good-fellowship, idealized through her valiant following of her star, Harriet Hosmer seems the very genius of those departed days. Time was greatly to enrich her acquaintance. Her abundant vitality was in turn to capture the Italians. Among the British aristocracy of birth and wit she was to become a familiar. Her talent everywhere drew kindred ability, repelling none. Charlotte Cushman was for a time her house-mate. As one dips into her letters one comes into the most delightful contacts. Once Harriet saw Mrs. Jameson before the colossal Ludovisi Juno, Goethe's favorite marble, murmuring, "It is herself, her very self!" She refused other explanation than that she was thinking of the beauty of a young friend in England. Later Harriet Hosmer met Lady Ashburton, Carlyle's "Gloriana," verified the resemblance, and won that noble woman's friendship. The touch is characteristic of these memoirs. Yet the most stable friendship was with the Brownings. His letters to her are admirable in real tenderness and burlesque adoration. She had the thrilling experience of a runaway with him in a peasant's donkey cart, and of hearing him enact the scene until the author of "Aurora Leigh" was consumed with laughter. It was Harriet who rejected the proposed alternate title "Laura Leigh" because "it had no backbone."

The peculiarity of this Roman circle seems to have been its generosity.

Everybody looked like a genius to everybody else. Story and Crawford were demigods and played the part magnanimously. Browning, with Homeric concision and repetitiousness, invariably writes of Page, the American portrait painter, as "that noble Page." In view of the actual accomplishment of Harriet and her contemporaries, it is easy to laugh at this cult of mutual admiration. Yet it should be noted that, relatively to the Italian artists of the time, the Powerses, Gibsons, Crawfords, and Hosmers were rather tall fellows. Moreover, something is to be said for this atmosphere of friendly adulation, if only because it permitted middling talents to be developed to their full capacity. Harriet Hosmer's work does not look very important to-day, but at least it is complete and characteristic. There is no suggestion about it of cramped opportunity or thwarted ideals. But before we consider her work we should note how her admirable qualities as a person smoothed her way as an artist.

Her father's wise training gave her a splendid physique, and he set no obstacle to her then unusual vocation. At St. Louis Dr. J. N. McDowell repeated for her privately his lectures in anatomy. His medallion portrait was her first work, and he wrote her in acknowledgment, "Dear Hat, I like, not love, you, for my poor old heart that has so often been chilled by the winters of adversity cannot now love, but could I love any one, it would be the child who has so remembered me." At twenty-two Harriet was in Rome, and John Gibson had promised her father, "Whatever I can teach her, she shall learn"—an engagement most loyally kept. Before her twenty-fourth year she had "arrived" with what remained her most popular works, Puck and Medusa. Before thirty such statues of monumental pretensions as the sleeping Beatrice Cenci and the funeral effigy of Julie Falconnet, the first statue by an American artist to be set up in Italy, had won her both fame and prosperity. At thirty she received the commission for a colossal bronze of Senator Benton, which still stands in St. Louis. In her thirty-third year a post of honor was given to her Zenobia in the British Universal Exhibition. Two years later the marble Queen made a triumphal appearance in America. There never was a more swift and solid success, nor more favoring circumstances. When the panic of 1857 impaired her father's fortunes, her friend, Wayman Crow, who had already given and procured her commissions, gladly became her banker, and tided her over through what otherwise might have been disastrous years. Her distinguished British friends became excellent patrons for her sculpture, and she was the first American artist after Stuart who enjoyed a full measure of international patronage. Everything played into the hand of this brave and genial woman.

Harriet Hosmer came to Europe a completely open-minded person, and it is an amusing surmise what she might have done had she, instead of going to Gibson at Rome, gone to Baryé at Paris. She had a vitality not inferior to that of the great *antimulier* and shared many of his tastes. To go to Gibson, however, was emphatically to accept the leading of Flaxman, Thorwaldson, and Canova. It was the day in which, under the influence of the poorer classical originals, the sculptors smoothed all character out of the clay in order to please the marble-cutters, who further polished away on their own account any residual strength. The art was in danger of perishing from excess of artisanship. In good periods of marble-cutting the stone tends to obey alien laws. Good Greek and Renaissance marbles suggest, according to their kind, the severity of the bronze or the freedom of the clay. Our best modern sculpture in marble is thus conditioned. The bronze is ever present in Saint-Gaudens, the clay in Rodin. Such tonic graces of older sculpture had disappeared before the thumb of the great Canova and the pumice stone of his marble-cutters. John Gibson held to the tradition with gentle fanaticism, merely adding the archaistic novelty of staining his faultless nudités in what he imagined to be the Greek fashion. A man of blameless life and amiable character, gently persistent in his adoration of an antique beauty which he completely misunderstood, he was just about the narrowest influence that could have been brought to bear upon a young artist beginning in the fifties. That Harriet Hosmer, after all, established something like a personal style, testifies strongly to her vitality.

She sensibly took the course of accepting the limitations and emphasizing the qualities of her chosen *genre*. Of the Fountain of the Siren, which she was making for Lady Marion Alford, she writes to Wayman Crow, "It is to be so sweet that it ought only to play *eau sucrée*." Such is the impression of her Medusa and Enone, of her Beatrice Cenci, and with an appropriate touch of roguishness of her Puck and Will o' the Wisp. It seems as if the woman in her, which was somewhat belied by her looks and manners, found its true outlet in what she called her "children." In any case, it is the caressed and caressing qualities of her figures that lend them an authentic Victorian warmth, and make them superior to the merely correct frigidities of her older contemporary, Story. The captive Zenobia, her most carefully considered work, constitutes an exception. It is an appealing thing in a derivative way, catching much of the faint stateliness of those Hadrianic models upon which it is clearly based. It elicited from the unexuberant John Whittier the handsomest com-

pliment ever paid to an American artist by an American man of letters. "In looking at it," he writes, "I felt that the artist had been as truly serving her country, while working out her magnificent design abroad, as our soldiers in the field and our public officers in their departments." Her design for a Lincoln monument, which was in hand for more than twenty years and remained unachieved, has a Michelangelesque grandiosity recalling Alfred Stevens and foreshadowing George Barnard. It was intended to be "the foundation of a new school," but it may be doubted if hands trained by John Gibson could have executed convincingly the generous proportions of the African sibyl as one sees her in the cartoon.

Harriet Hosmer's abundant worldly wisdom was chiefly for the matter immediately in hand. Her letters, while abounding in vivid friendliness, are singularly barren of artistic or literary interest. To collect some of her more absurd political opinions would seem ungracious were they not illuminating. The United States, "being union only in name," she was willing to see dismembered at the opening of the Civil War. In predicting a short life for the French Republic, she perhaps merely agreed with most of the world. She joyfully saw at perilous close range the Italians take Rome, bitterly resented the transformation of her beloved city, and, overestimating the social ostracism of Victor Emmanuel, proclaimed the prompt bankruptcy of the new kingdom. All in all, a most vital person of short views, and intense. She lingered on for a full generation, mostly in England, through an exiled old age of ease and comparative inactivity, dying in 1908, in her seventy-ninth year, quite the last of the Romans of Hawthorne's day.

One aspect of the spell she cast upon high and low remains mysterious. She had powers which to-day we rather vulgarly call psychic. When a girl, after a visit to the spiritualist writer, Lydia Maria Child, while riding home, she saw a rail that "raised itself from the fence and moved around to the outside of the post, a distance of several yards, and then stood upright." At the moment of the unexpected death of a favorite Italian maid, the wraith appeared to Miss Hosmer, announcing the felicity of the departed. She felt distant accidents, found lost articles—was an accurate clairvoyant. Once "Lady A" (surely Lady Ashburton) had lost a box containing "valuable papers." Harriet Hosmer located not merely the right bank, but the right box. One likes to indulge the surmise that these papers which were found amid "women's belongings, . . . rare laces chiefly," may have been the letters of the stern Sage of Chelsea. As for Harriet Hosmer herself, this memoir gives no hint of a

sentimental passage. Early in the Roman days she writes: "Even if so inclined, an artist has no business to marry. For a man, it may be well enough, but for a woman, on whom matrimonial duties and cares weigh more heartily, it is a moral wrong, I think, for she must either neglect her profession or her family, becoming neither a good wife and mother nor a good artist." There is no indication that she ever regretted this decision, or that her marble "children" and the friendship of the best of her contemporaries were an inadequate solace for the softer joys she had put aside.

The results of the excavations carried on at Corfu during the last season have proved of great interest. An ancient temple, identified as that of Aesculapius, has been completely laid bare. It is about $8\frac{1}{2}$ metres wide by $11\frac{1}{2}$ metres long. A large number of the columns have been found, and some of them have been reerected in their original places. In the middle of the temple was found the pedestal on which the cult statue stood. The excavations in the temple where the relief of a Gorgon was discovered last year have also been completed. The space between the temple and the altar was cleared and a number of interesting objects were found, among them painted tiles from the roof of the temple. The altar itself is of an interesting type, being decorated on the outside with a Doric frieze of metopes and triglyphs. As is well known, the German Emperor took a keen interest in these excavations.

Behind the famous monument of Demetria and Pamphile in the Kerameikos, in Athens, there have lately been found three sarcophagi of poros stone and the remains of a funeral pyre. Only two of these sarcophagi have been opened. One of them contained the skeleton of a woman, two alabaster figures, and a *lekkythos* (oil-jug); the other the skeleton of a man, two alabaster figures, and two *lekkythoi*. Among the ashes of the pyre were also found portions of another skeleton and some small vases. These tombs probably belong to the fourth century B. C., and are those of the persons represented on the relief, namely, Demetria and Pamphile, and of a third person.

Finance

STOCK EXCHANGE "REACTION."

Having passed, in regard to the season's unmistakable trade revival, through the successive stages of apathy, incredulity, awakened interest, and great enthusiasm, the Stock Exchange last week presented all the aspects of a prolonged and vigorous movement for the rise. This appeared to have substantial basis. It was grounded on the assurance from every industry that rapid recovery was in progress; on the absolutely record-breaking expansion of the steel and iron trade; on the August earnings reports by the country's railways, fully one-half of which showed the

largest net receipts ever reported in that month; on the four successive weeks of September, in each of which grain deliveries from farms to primary receiving points exceeded the highest weekly total prior to this autumn; on a monthly Government cotton crop estimate, foreshadowing the largest yield but one in the country's history, and on an engagement abroad of nearly \$10,000,000 European gold for import to New York. But, having reached its climax of enthusiasm, in the middle of last week, the stock market broke suddenly and sharply.

It was characteristic of this very singular "Presidential-year market" that, when at last the setback in prices came of which we had so long been warned, it should have come, not because of a political scare of any sort—real or imaginary—but because the Balkan peasants had shouldered their muskets to march across the Turkish border. It had seemed, to those familiar with the manœuvres of the Stock Exchange, as if politics must provide something to shudder at, before the season was over. Experience, indeed, recalled "political scares" in election years when nobody knew what he was frightened about. The thrill of terror which ran through Wall Street in September, four years ago, was certainly a case in point. Nobody then had any doubts about Taft's election, and the same Wall Street which was breaking prices on the Stock Exchange, because of the "political argument," was simultaneously betting 2 to 1 against Bryan on the curb.

At least that much of an "election scare" ought to have been feasible this present autumn—in connection, for instance, with Mr. Roosevelt's return to the East. But no one suggested it as probable. Whether the absence of any such demonstration meant that the community had from the first absolutely made up its mind as to what the electoral result must be, with one party solidly united and the other split in two (the Wall Street "curb," which is now betting 4 to 1 on Wilson's election, favored him, by 2 to 1, within a month of his nomination), or whether it signified that the conservative community was genially receptive to any of the three conceivable results, is possibly debatable. The attitude has been remarkable. Certainly, in no other previous Presidential campaign of our history could the amazing episode of this week's star testimony before the Clapp committee have been dismissed, as it was, with casual and indifferent comment. But however all this may be, the "bear argument" which apparently could not be found in domestic politics was at last discovered in European diplomacy. The stock market had its break, and every one declared the reaction altogether "healthy."

No doubt, if it had not come on that

particular pretext, some other would have been found for it; and in the present case, the decline was emphasized by the fact that financial Berlin and London, in their first dismay over the "Balkan crisis," threw on the New York market something like \$10,000,000 of their holdings of American shares. But Balkan war scares have always had the quality of exciting financial Europe excessively for a minimum stretch of time. Some people wonder that these demonstrations should come so often at this period of the year. Probably that is because the harvests in those localities have just been laid in and the snow has not yet begun to fall.

The interval between the two events fairly defines the margin allowed for the market's interest in the Balkans; for those belligerent states will seldom fight when the crops are in the field or when the mountain passes are blocked. In the present case, the interval of warlike demonstration will probably be still narrower; for Turkey will doubtless now see fit to yield gracefully to the Italian terms of peace, and that would change the status of things in the Balkans. Besides, so far as concerns our own Stock Exchange, the Presidential election occurs hardly four weeks from to-day, and financial markets will have to display some kind of interest in it, at such short range as that.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

- American Bible Society, Annual Report, 1912.
 American Institute of Chemical Engineers. Transactions. Vol. IV, 1911. Van Nostrand. \$5 net.
 Andrews, M. R. S. The Marshal. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. \$1.35 net.
 Aulde, John. The Chemic Problem in Nutrition. Philadelphia: The Author. \$3.
 Banks, E. J. Bismya, or the Lost City of Adab. Putnam. \$5.
 Barus, Carl. The Production of Elliptic Interferences in Relation to Interferometry. Part II. Carnegie Institution, Washington.
 Benedict, F. G. The Composition of the Atmosphere. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
 Bond, Francis. Cathedrals of England and Wales. Fourth edition. Scribner.
 Bowen, Marjorie. The Soldier from Virginia. D. Appleton. \$1.30 net.
 Brady, C. T. The West Wind. Chicago: McClurg. \$1.35 net.
 Brooke, A. E. The Johannine Epistles. (Inter. Critical Commentary series.) Scribners. \$2.50 net.
 Brown, H. D. How Phæbe Found Herself. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$1.15 net.
 Bruce, H. A. Woman in the Making of America. Boston: Little, Brown. \$1.50 net.
 Bryant, S. C. (Mrs. T. F. Borst.) Best Stories to Tell to Children. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$1.50 net.
 Bryce, James. South America: Observations and Impressions. Macmillan. \$2.50 net.
 Burnham, C. L. The Inner Flame: A Novel. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$1.25 net.
 Caldwell's Boys and Girls at Home. (Stories, verses, and pictures.) Caldwell Company.
 Cicero's Orations. Edited, with notes, etc., by W. B. Gunnison and W. S. Harley. Boston: Silver, Burdett. \$1.25.
 Clippinger, E. E. Illustrated Lessons in Composition and Rhetoric. Boston: Silver, Burdett. \$1.

- Comstock, Sarah. *The Soddy*. Doubleday, Page. \$1.30 net.
- Confessions of an Innocent Widow. Broadway Publishing Company. \$1.
- Congreve, William. (Masterpieces of the English Drama.) American Book Co.
- Coriat, I. H. *The Hysteria of Lady Macbeth*. Moffat, Yard. 75 cents net.
- Davies, M. T. *The Elected Mother*. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill.
- Dumas, W. C. *Belshazzar*. Boston: Badger.
- Duncan, R. B. *Brave Deeds of American Sailors*. Philadelphia: Jacobs & Co. \$1.50 net.
- Dutton, S. T., and Snedden, D. *Administration of Public Education in the United States*. Revised edition. Macmillan. \$2 net.
- Faulkner, J. A. *Crises in the Early Church*. Eaton & Mains. 75 cents net.
- Fetter, F. A. *Source Book in Economics*. Century.
- Figgis, J. N. *Civilization at the Cross Roads*. (Lectures delivered at Harvard, 1911.) Longmans. \$1.60 net.
- Frame, J. E. *Epistles of St. Paul to the Thessalonians*. (Inter. Critical Commentary.) Scribners. \$2.50 net.
- Gilbert, G. H. *Jesus*. Macmillan. \$1.50 net.
- Glass, Montague. *Object: Matrimony*. Doubleday, Page. 50 cents net.
- Goebel's *Hermann der Cherusker*. New edition, edited by J. Esser. Macmillan. 35 cents net.
- Graves, F. P. *Peter Ramus and the Educational Reformation of the Sixteenth Century*. Macmillan. \$1.25 net.
- Griffis, W. E. *Belgium, the Land of Art*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$1.25 net.
- Harland, Marion. *Colonial Homesteads and Their Stories* (Two vols. in one.) Putnam. \$3.50.
- Hayden, J. C. *Cease to War*. Boston: Badger.
- Haynes Official Guide to Yellowstone National Park. 26th edition. Yellowstone Park: F. Jay Haynes.
- Hegemann-Lindencrone, L. de. *In the Courts of Memory, 1858-1875*. Harper. \$2 net.
- Helmrich, E. W. *The Chorus in the German Drama*. (Col. Univ.) Lemcke & Buechner. \$1 net.
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- Husslein, Joseph. *The Church and Social Problems*. America Press.
- Hutchinson, Woods. *The Child's Day*. (Book I, Health Series.) Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 40 cents net.
- Jenkins, Stephen. *The Story of the Bronx*. Putnam. \$3.50.
- Johnston, R. M. *The Holy Christian Church*. Boston. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.50 net.
- Leuba, J. H. *Psychological Study of Religion*. Macmillan. \$2 net.
- Lieberman, Elias. *The American Short Story*. Ridgewood, N. J.: The Editor Company.
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- Purin, C. M., and Roedder, E. C. *Deutsche Gedichte und Lieder*. Boston: Heath. 60 cents.
- Putnam, G. H. *George Palmer Putnam: A Memoir*. Putnam.
- Rehnd, Louis. *Robin Hood and His Outlaw Band*. Harper. \$1.50.
- Riley, James Whitcomb. *All the Year Round*. Verses, illustrated in color by G. Baumann. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill.
- Robinson, A. T. *The Applications of Logic*. Longmans. \$1.20.
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- Strong, C. L. *Forfeit: A Novel*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$1.25 net.
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